

CDC 00085

HUSTLER

FOR PEOPLE ON THE GO

MAY 1975 \$1.50

INTERVIEW:
FELLATIO'S
SONGBIRD,
JODY
MAXWELL

PROFILE:
BETTE
MIDLER
"TRASH
WITH
FLASH"

PLUS:
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SKIN!



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HUSTLER

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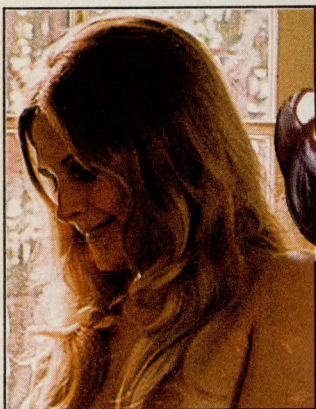
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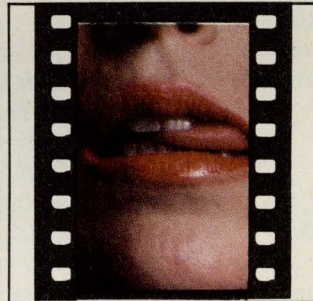
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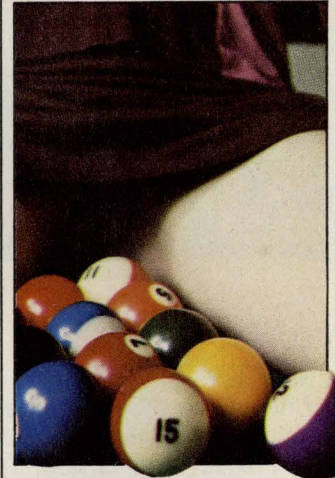
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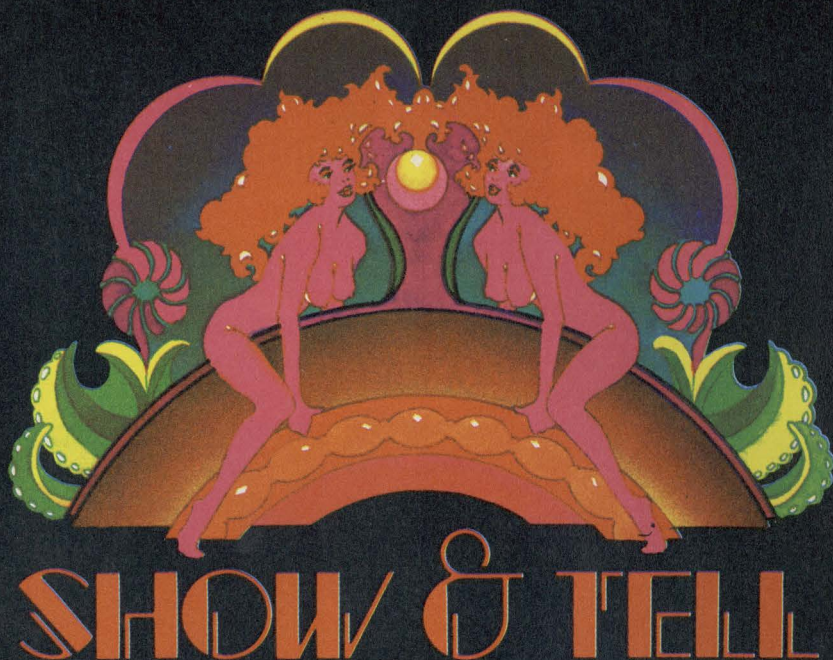
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LARRY C. FLYNT

Unusual incentive was involved in luring the Publisher of HUSTLER to produce an interview. The bait was Jody Maxwell, newly proclaimed in the porn industry as the "World's Greatest Cocksucker." It was with regret that Mr. Flynt eventually had to conclude the exhausting interview. Both will be judges later this summer for the "World's Greatest Lover" contest, conducted by HUSTLER.

D. R. GOFF

Working on the concept of picture-making rather than picture-taking, Mr. Goff makes his photographic contribution to our staff with "Rack 'Em Up." When working with women, he states, "I try to apply a thematic style rather than just take nude shots." He presently deals in commercial work and has spent the past 10 years behind a camera.

BRANDON R. BLACKMAN IV

The most amazing aspect of the author of "Putting the S-E-X Back In Sex" is that he finds enough time for all of his involvements. A winner of the Silver Award at the '72 New York Film Festival, Mr. Blackman also appeared in the

movies "French Connection" and "Cotton Comes to Harlem." He acted in off-Broadway plays; writes a New York City column published in Europe, the Caribbean and the U.S.; and is in the planning stages of writing a book.

JAMES P. MORGAN

Author of the "Telephone Club" for HUSTLER, Mr. Morgan worked his way into free lancing via a news writing background. He was editor of *Overseas Weekly* until January of 1973 when he decided to quit and devote full time to cracking into the screenplay market. His initial attempt at short stories, "to earn a few shekels to live on," is printed herein.

PAT SALVO

The author of our Bette Midler Profile has participated extensively in the action-end of show business as a rock musician and poet. His personal contact with top entertainers and other show business personalities has helped him launch a successful profile/interview literary venture. Pat's free-lance articles have appeared in previous issues of HUSTLER, and we are glad to have him back again.

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The Capital Distributing Company has made available to all retail dealers a display promotional allowance plan under the terms of which any participating retail dealer can earn an allowance of ten (10%) percent of cover price per sold copy of HUSTLER MAGAZINE. Full details and copies of agreements for signature by participating retail dealers are available by writing to Circulation Manager, The Capital Distributing Company, Charlton Building, Derby, Conn. 06418. Allowances become effective with the next issue received for distribution following receipt of signed agreements and written acceptance by The Capital Distributing Company. This offer applies only in USA, its possessions and Canada.

PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



LARRY FLYNT


IMITATION IS THE HIGHEST FORM OF FLATTERY

If imitation is the most sincere form of flattery, I definitely feel flattered after reviewing the March issue of *Penthouse*. The open beaver shot on page 77 is the first admission by *Penthouse* publisher Bob Guccione that *Penthouse* has been playing second fiddle to HUSTLER for quite some time. When I started HUSTLER one year ago, I expected a reaction from Guccione long before now. Especially when you consider the fact that he has never had an original idea of his own. However, I commend Mr. Guccione for his decisive action, at least it indicates that he has balls, but it is going to take more than balls to keep up with HUSTLER. He will need a few brains as well, an asset that he has failed to demonstrate very well. Other than blurred pubic hair, the only thing that he has given the public is a few kinky letters on enemas and sex with amputees. His remaining editorial content is about as boring as the sex life of a grasshopper. However, there is one aspect in his effort to imitate HUSTLER that I find quite humorous. Last Fall I did the NBC Tomorrow Show with his homely looking girl friend, Kathy Keeton, whose best defense

against molesters is her face. She would look more at home back in London performing her old profession of go-go dancing, rather than trying to front for *Viva Magazine*, Guccione's most recent second rate attempt to imitate *Playgirl*. In the course of her demonstration of 'class' by constantly interrupting Tom Snyder and myself, she referred to HUSTLER's sexual explicitness as being vulgar. I found this amusing but in another way I felt sorry for her because it must be terribly embarrassing to go on national television and make such an ass of yourself.

Despite this attempt by *Penthouse* to imitate HUSTLER, I welcome the challenge. I think the competition will be healthy for everyone, especially the consumer. As a matter of fact, if he and Hefner both would step out of their fantasy worlds and admit to themselves that they did not invent sex and started giving their readers what *they* want rather than trying to feed their own inflated egos, they might become serious competitors of HUSTLER. A good place for them to start would be to run an ad as HUSTLER did, requesting information from readers as to what they would

like to read and see and transform this data to the pages of their magazines. The readers are entitled to this type of honesty; they only feel cheated when someone such as Hefner or Guccione try to jam personal philosophies down their throats. Of course, they would still be at a disadvantage because once they gathered this information, they would not know what to do with it. In any event, we at HUSTLER are proud that we have been, and will continue to be, responsive to our readers.

It is your letters, your desire and your criticisms that establish HUSTLER's editorial content. This is the way it has been and always will be as long as I am Publisher. And all I can say to any would-be imitator is "eat your heart out baby, 'cause HUSTLER is an idea whose time has come." 

EDITOR & PUBLISHER

ARE YOU A G

THE WORLD'S GRE

presiding judges



larry flynt

Publisher of *Hustler Magazine*.



**samantha
mclaren**

Star of the new smash hit movie "Life and Times of Xaviera Hollander" and self-acclaimed expert on sexual fetishes.



al goldstein

Editor of *Screw Newspaper*, one of the world's raciest sex tabloids, and connoisseur of delectable women. Al was *Playboy's* exclusive interview in their October 1974 issue.

**jody
maxwell**

Star of Damiano's new release "Portrait" and considered to be the world's greatest fellatio artist. She can actually sing while performing her art.



jerry damiano

Considered to be the world's greatest porn producer. He produced and directed "Deep Throat," "Memories Within Miss Aggie," "Portrait" and many others.



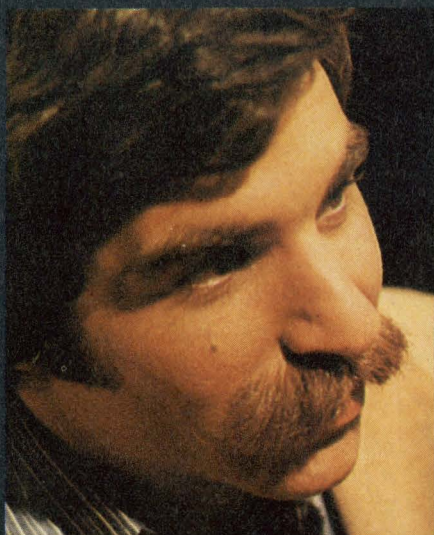
**honeysuckle
devine**

Burlesque queen by trade and a regular *Screw* contributor. Honeysuckle is known worldwide for her expertise in fellatio.



GREAT LOVER?

TEST? PROVE IT!!!



Harry Reems

A proven actor and foremost porno superstar and "stud." Reems has appeared in over 400 X-rated movies and made love to hundreds of women.

Hustler Magazine has taken an unprecedented step in launching a contest to discover the **WORLD'S GREATEST MALE LOVER** and we feel it is about time he receive credit for his talent, whoever he might be. There have been many contests involving every activity conceivable, but we feel this is one category that has been overlooked.

We know who the Don Juan of yesterday was, but we don't know who the Don Juan of today is. Hopefully, upon completion of this contest, we will have discovered the **WORLD'S GREATEST LOVER** which should be of considerable interest to all people.

This contest will be based on two applications: one to be filled out by your wife, mistress or lover and one by you.

Six male finalists will be chosen; these six individuals will participate in final activities which will test their "lover" ability. The six main areas of judging (on a scale from 1 to 10) will be:

- a. Personal Appearance
- b. Personality
- c. Foreplay
- d. Oral Sex
- e. Stamina
- f. Intercourse Technique

How can you benefit from the contest?

The winner will be awarded:

1. an exclusive interview in **HUSTLER**.
2. a one-week all-expense paid vacation in Acapulco with the **HUSTLER** Honey of the Year (or any consenting girl of your choice.)
3. an appropriately designed, attractive trophy to add credence to your honor.

Presiding Judges: Judges will not be misinterpreted as participants. Their sole purpose will be to preside over the final activities and insure strict compliance with the rules and regulations governing the contest.

Employees of *Hustler Magazine* and members of their families are not eligible to enter the contest.

Send in the coupon today and enter your application immediately. Only serious minded individuals need apply.

All entries must be received in our home office no later than June 15, 1975.

HUSTLER

HUSTLER MAGAZINE • 36 West Gay Street • Columbus, Ohio • 43215

Please send additional information and application to enter the **WORLD'S GREATEST LOVER** contest.

I am over 18 years of age.

MAY

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Stirred Fantasies

I was just starting to write a letter to you about a girl feature when the February issue of HUSTLER came out. When I saw the "Adolescent Fantasy" it included, I immediately had to start another letter since that was what I had in mind in the first place—fantasies. The photos and story had a very erotic effect without giving a "dirty" feeling. Now I'd like to suggest that you get into other types of fantasy for men, like older women with young men, etc. No doubt about it, your magazine is the best available at the newsstand.

Gary Davidson
Fresno, Calif.

(Keep a keen eye on us—you'll see everything that turns you on in HUSTLER.)



I suggest that you print younger models and only half-dressed in future HUSTLER issues. I really got turned-on by the very young girl featured in February. She has a pussy that you can almost taste just looking at her. How that nest looks like it needs a bird. Please get more like her.

Frank Wallace
Lincoln, Neb.

(As the graffiti on the restroom wall says, "If you aim to please, please aim." We aim!)

Bravo

I think that HUSTLER is absolutely the greatest magazine to come along in a long time. I just recently discovered it and I think it easily surpasses *Playboy* and *Penthouse*. I love those shots that show a pussy instead of a big bush of fuzz. I'm sorry I missed the first few issues, but I'm subscribing so I won't miss anything in the future. Keep it going, man.

Bert Patterson
Honolulu, Haw.

(You can make it a complete set by taking advantage of our back issue offer while there are still a few issues remaining.)

Not So Bravo

I am curious as to why you seem to run only favorable letters in this column. I've seen at least a couple magazines of better quality on the newsstands and they don't seem to mind running pan letters. If it is your policy to screen out unfavorable comments, why bother with the column at all? I will have to admit that your girl features are something special and you seem to have the market cornered on open pussy shots, but don't let it go to your head—there's still room for improvement in several other areas.

John Zmalti
St. Paul, Minn.

(The reason behind the apparent one-sidedness is simply because all of our mail has been pro-HUSTLER. The only screening we do—if you call it that—is to try to avoid publishing letters that sound identical. In that case, we just choose the one that says it best—like yours.)

Training Traynor

My personal reaction to the Chuck Traynor interview (Jan. 1975) is that he is an overrated egoist somewhat akin to a procurer. I realize, however, that he is part of the "what's happening" world and as such, is much in demand. But I also remember the time when anyone who publicly admitted to teaching the "art" of cocksucking to girls would have been jailed. I have nothing against the practice myself, but I wonder if, by being so blatant

about it, we are progressing or regressing.

Thomas Watkins
Canton, Mass.

(We are able to see both sides of the issue and because of that we respect your position. However, HUSTLER feels that the freedom of choice we all supposedly enjoy, is being suppressed. We're trying to help encourage true individual freedom.)

Tattoo Enthusiast

Bravo for "The Tattoo Art!" (Dec. 1974) More and more people, especially gals, are discovering the beauty of tattoos. Please feature more decorated ladies.

Carl Hollie
Ontario, Can.

(Lots of folks figure that two breasts and a pussy are "decoration" enough. But for others, a little more color is requested. We'll be filling both types in the future and adding a few innovations of our own.)



S & M or B & D?

The most exciting scene that my two buddies and I have seen was at a party last month. A fight broke out between two girls, a well built blonde and a foxy brunette. As they battled and tore at each others' hair and clothes, we all found ourselves with terrific hard-ons and nobody tried to stop them. We think that other men would be likewise turned on by this and submit that HUSTLER should print pictures of such a battle of hell-cats.

Victor Wong
Pacifica, Calif.

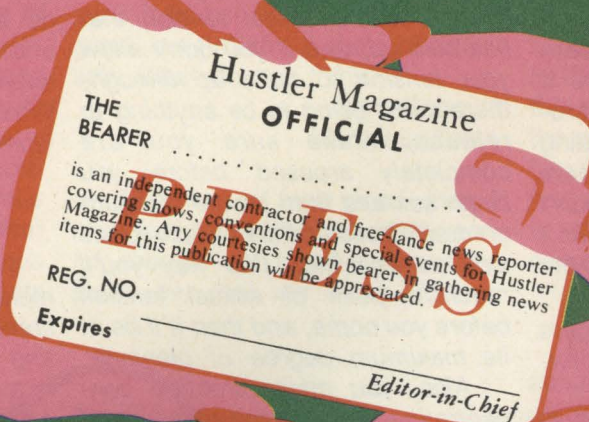
(We subscribe to the theory, "Different strokes for different folks" and are in the process of covering them all.)

BE OUR PRESS AGENT

Enjoy the prestige and respect offered a HUSTLER WORLD PRESS CLUB MEMBER. Receive this bona fide HUSTLER Press Card—your ticket to the professional and exciting world of feature reporting.

Attend important news events around the world and experience the glamour that is yours as a member of the Fourth Estate. Submit feature articles on entertainment, sex, politics, interviews and profiles as HUSTLER'S official field reporter.

Be our special guest whenever you visit one of the Hustler Clubs. Plus you will be playing an integral part in our world Public Relations effort.



EDITOR'S NOTE

Our Publisher, Larry Flynt, would like to offer an unusual opportunity to avid readers and subscribers of HUSTLER. Mr. Flynt feels that You should be given more consideration, so he is making it possible for staunch supporters to obtain an official Press Pass, authorized by him, personally. To become a holder of one of these prestigious cards, just demonstrate your loyalty and support by signing up three new subscribers. Within 10 days of the receipt of these subscription orders, you will receive your official HUSTLER Press Pass.

As an official agent of HUSTLER Magazine, this card will open many doors to you. This is your chance to enter the exciting Hustler World of Action. Be a Hustler!!

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MAY

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Signature _____

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ADVISE & CONSENT

Advise & Consent is devoted to reader feedback concerning questions that are on our readers' minds but are difficult to discuss with anyone due to the personal nature of the inquiry. Direct all letters to: Advise & Consent Editor, Hustler, 36 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

I can't get my dong up. I get aroused staring at sexy girls, touching them, or just being in their presence, but I can't get a hard-on when I want to fuck. I'm 20 years old and even in my teen years it wouldn't get hard for me at the crucial moment. I'm ashamed of being a stupid virgin. When I was 13 years old, my dad told me that if I didn't hump a girl by the age of 17, then I couldn't be called a man. What the hell is wrong with me?

C.T. Rogers
Louisville, Ky.

One of your main problems is your dad's erroneous advice, which has put unnatural pressure on you to get rid of your virginity. The fact that you haven't yet balled anyone says nothing about the quality of your manliness. Many men are in their late twenties or early thirties before they finally have sex with a woman, and they go on to have a very satisfying sex lives. Maybe the right girl just hasn't come along for you yet.

At any rate, you're not just a penis, and there's no reason for you to "prove" yourself a man to your father or to anyone else. Forget about trying to lose your virginity. It is just a meaningless label. A virgin is only someone who hasn't screwed yet, and it says nothing about the person. When a gal comes along you'd like to have sex with, let your body relax and respond naturally to her. Don't put pressure on yourself to get an instant hard-on. If you still have troubles, then tell her your fears and

doubts. She won't laugh at you. All women love to be confided in, and she'll feel very important as she tries to help you out. In fact, it'll be a great challenge to her, and you'll have the ball of your life while she does her stuff to get you aroused. Your "affliction" will then turn into a blessing.

My trouble is that my orgasms don't feel good enough. They seem to be very quick, puny quiverings that wouldn't satisfy anyone. Is there any way to make orgasms stronger?

Stan Scott
Cocoa Beach, Fla.

For one thing, you're probably coming too soon. An orgasm is a release of the sexual tension that has built up, and if you don't allow your tension to build up enough, there's not going to be anything to release. Make sure you are completely aroused before you begin sex and then let the pleasure gradually build up little by little for as long as possible. This way you'll reach a peak of sexual tension before you come, and then it'll be at its maximum degree of pleasure.

Also, you might practice concentrating more on the pleasure. If you allow your mind to wander to something else, then you aren't going to fully feel what's happening. Sometimes indulging too much in fantasies can take away from the full pleasure you could be enjoying. There's nothing wrong with fantasies in themselves, but if you get too carried away with them you'll actually miss out on the pleasure you're having here and now. The person who enjoys orgasmic pleasure the most is the person who is totally concentrating on what he's feeling.

In one of your previous issues, there was a letter from a woman who was turned-on by high colonic irrigations, where her doctor puts a rubber tube up her rectum and squirts warm water inside. I've been thinking about that now for a couple of weeks and I just have to ask—does she mean she has an orgasm

right there in front of her doctor? Does the doctor realize what's going on?

J.M.
Dallas, Tex.

Colonic Irrigation Devotee: Tell us more!

I can't understand why broads won't go to bed with me. I'm considered to be a handsome, virile guy, with a nice build. I have a great car and a fine apartment. My personality is as good as the next fellow's. As far as I can tell, women should be flocking to my mattress. Yet they're often cold and aloof to me, like I've got the plague. I can take a chick to an extravagant restaurant and buy her a terrific meal, do some great dancing with her, and behave like a charm the whole evening, but they never put out. What's wrong with them? I thought women liked to ball!

Frank Mills
Oklahoma City, Ok.

A woman likes to ball a man who makes her feel important, not someone whose sole interest is getting her between the sheets. Your letter indicates that you have an extraordinarily large ego, and this is what repels them from your bed. Your sense of self-importance just isn't very becoming, and no woman cares about balling a man who thinks he's the greatest thing in the world.

Since you've obviously cared only about your own desire to screw some "broad," you have forgotten there's another human being involved who has feelings, too. Maybe if you took time to learn something of her interests, of her hopes and dreams, of her fears and anxieties, you'd begin to see her as a person instead of as a potential cunt. Then she'll respond to you more, too. You'll be more appealing because you won't be an obvious guy on the make. When you forget about how quickly you can get between her legs, and start treating her as though her feelings are as important as your own, you'll be surprised at how much more time your dates will be spent in a horizontal position.

ADVISE & CONSENT

I have heard that if a girl swallows semen, her breasts will get bigger. I'm a 32A and I would certainly like to know if this is true.

P.K. Johnson
Salt Lake City, Ut.

We would certainly like to be able to tell you it's true, but the best we can do is to say "maybe." Some women have reported an increase in bust size—two or three inches—after several months of sucking off their lovers almost daily. There are a few possible explanations. The most interesting one is that semen contains prostaglandins, substances that cause contractions of the uterus. There is a connection between such uterine activity and breast stimulation. For instance, when a baby nurses at a mother's breast it causes her uterus to contract. Presumably, the nervous pathways are a two-way street; that is, something that causes the uterus to contract also causes the breasts

to be stimulated. If this happens regularly, the breasts could become larger.

It is also possible that the excitement of oral sex causes the production of more estrogen in a woman's body—and this increase in estrogen can enlarge the breasts.

There's one other thing you should know. Some women who reported the increase in breast measurement also noticed that if they stopped having oral sex for a period of time, their breasts returned to original size.

I have a girl who sticks unbelievable things up her pussy—bottles, cucumbers, bananas, broom handles. You name it, she'll stick it in her. She insists it feels good, but I'm afraid she'll hurt herself. What do you think?

Harry Schmidt
Memphis, Tenn.

If she says it feels good, then it must feel good. She should be careful, though, not to stick something inside her that will break, form a

suction [such as an open bottle], or something with a sharp edge. Also she should be careful of germs and bacteria and guard against disease.

My older sister's husband had a vasectomy awhile back and she tells me that he still ejaculates. Doesn't ejaculation fluid contain sperm?


Ann Curry
Chicago, Ill.

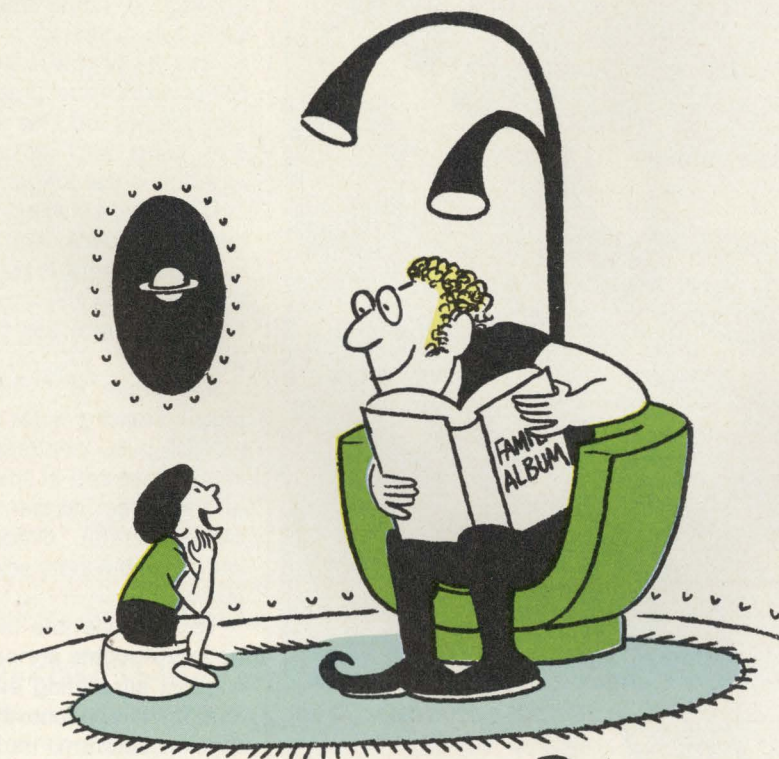
The semen ejaculated from a man who has had a vasectomy is notably sticky, whitish and somewhat salty tasting, but contains no sperm.

My wife and I have been married six years and sex has become dull. Looking at the sexy pictures in HUSTLER sure turns me on. I've got this crazy idea that if I can look at the pictures while my wife and I are fucking, it'd perk me up and maybe her, too. But I'm afraid if I suggest it; she'll get insulted and think I'm perverted.

T.R. Baker
Boise, Ida.

There's nothing at all perverted about your idea. Since most men originally get into sex by masturbating while looking at sexy pictures, it's only natural to want to carry it over into your regular sex life, if you think it would perk things up. Explain to your wife that it would be a harmless way of enjoying some exciting variety without having to actually go to other women.

Some women might get uptight about this, of course, since they may take it personally and wonder why they're inadequate. On the other hand, you'd be surprised how many women get aroused at the thought of their husbands being turned on by other women. It makes them feel like they're married to a virile sexy man. For all you know, it may excite her more than you. And if you want to make sure things are equal, tell her she can look at pictures of naked men out of some of the bold women's magazines. That might assure her of going for your idea, but then what about your ego? 



"Gosh, Grandpa! You mean way back then instead of group sex, they permitted one couple, one each, of the opposite sex to groove?"

BITS & PIECES

TWATS HAPPENING

Recently, in the city of Chicago, a convention of a different type was held. An association calling itself the Tertiary Women Against Things Sexual (TWATS) held a meeting of all the female virgins in the state of Illinois.

Jane Melzo, the publicity chairwoman, said that the idea for the convention was to counteract the meeting of hookers held in San Fran-

cisco. Ms. Melzo reported that the meeting, which was held at a local McDonald's, was attended by seven women, six of whom were nuns. The seventh was a female named Mary Elizabeth Jenkins who had gained some notoriety while working for the Barnum and Bailey Circus where she was on display as the only 370-pound dwarf in the world.



**FUCK THE
ECONOMY, ALL
HANDS IN BED**

It seems that when the economy falters as heavily as it has in

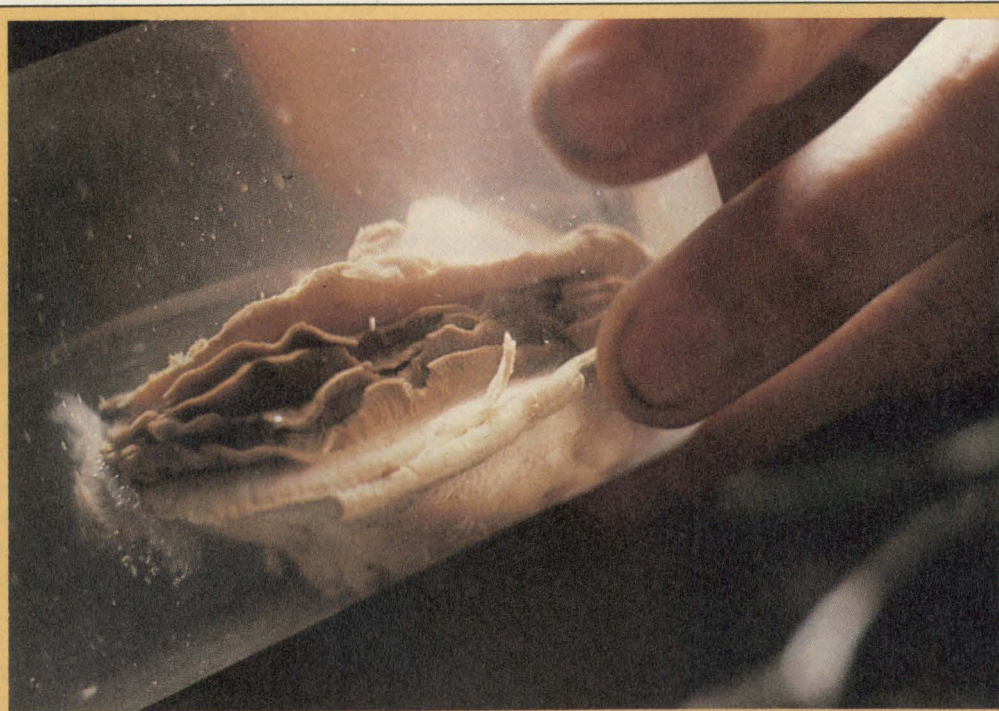
1974-75, which is the most severe period of recession since World War II, there's going to be a lot more going on around home than has gone on in years.

That is, people are taking fewer vacations; spending their money on less expensive items and making the older ones last longer.

Movies are making a fantastic comeback. And television, to compete, is buying up the best of Hollywood and New York from the past 30 years.

Meanwhile, HUSTLER projects increasing sales of birth control pills, contraceptives (we've invested in the stock of the three largest rubber manufacturers), dildos, and various and sundry sexual attachments.

To help alleviate the frustration of nights at home, we suggest alternating evenings of domination-subordination, sado-masochism, traditional, and usual styles of sex to guarantee you won't get tired of your alluring, enduring partner.



canned pussy

husband in Minneapolis sends us this photo of what seems to

be an oyster in a jar. It came along as part of a shipment of delicious shellfish flown in fresh from Vera Cruz, Mex-

ico. Now, we've heard of fingers being found in cans of stewed tomatoes . . . but this?

photography clubs

Photography clubs are bigger than ever this year. When six young women from a local university in Des Moines, Iowa, were bored with modeling for art classes, they grouped together to form one of the most original photography clubs we've heard of in years.

For \$25 the photographer is allowed to photograph any one of the girls with camera and film provided, up to 36 exposures. Afterwards, one of the girls showers and massages the patron — Swedish

or French. He is usually so turned on, the girls claim, that taking care of him doesn't take more than a minute or two.

Meanwhile, the film is taken from the camera and developed; the girls do their own processing. And if the gentlemen cares to call for it at a later date, he can do so for a small fee of \$10 per print. That protects the girls and it keeps the clientele coming back.

HUSTLER cheers on the photography girls in Des Moines.

BITS & PIECES

MAX'S KANSAS CITY

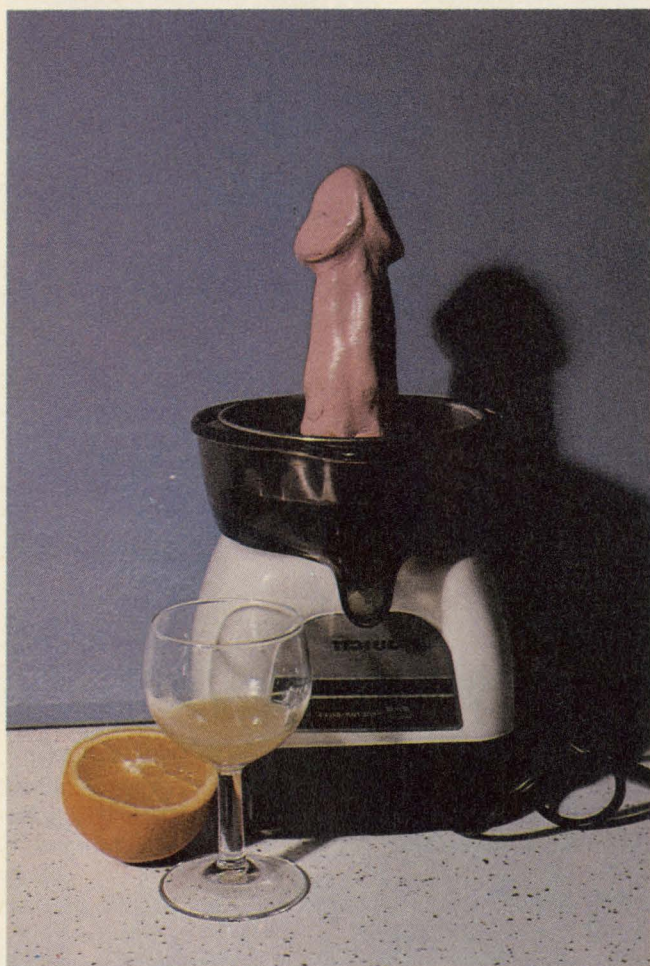
If you were hip to lower New York in the '60s and '70s you were wise enough to know that at Max's Kansas City you could cop a cup of coffee and rub shoulders with reluctant personalities like Lou Reed, David Bowie, Mick Jagger, and others. Even Hugh Carey.

Now, Max's is gone. Micky Ruskin doesn't stand by the door keeping out the creeps and jams. Nobody bugs his

electric eclectic clientele — it isn't there. Where they've gone, nobody knows. Maybe to the Club 82?

Whatever, Max's finally got such a funky reputation that the former owners didn't figure it was worth paying the \$13,000 electric bill in order to stay open.

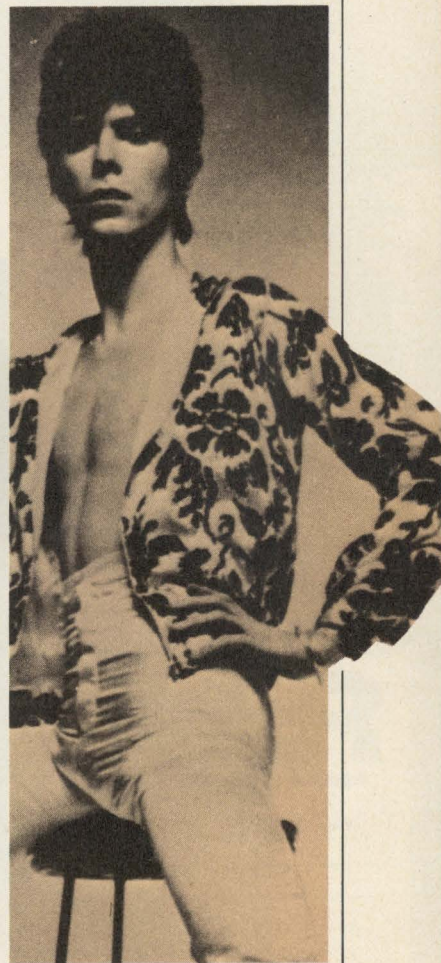
So, thank you Max's Kansas City, for many years of fun!



BLEND YOUR WAY TO ORGASM

Not only are they making vibrators that look like the real thing, but this home-made invention is guaranteed to give you a turn like you've never had before.

The instructions say it's best to use after you've loosened up with a glass of fresh orange juice, a screwdriver, or just plain chewing the orange peel.



BITS & PIECES

FOXYLADY or...uh...

Yes, that's who you think it is! Joe Pepitone, former star player for the New York Yankees, Chicago Cubs and Houston Astros, appeared as the centerfold in the premiere issue of FOXYLADY last January. Fulfilling a favor for friend and Publisher George Santo Pietro (of now defunct COQ fame), Joe, like the other male pictorial features in the book, is revealed in all his manly glory.

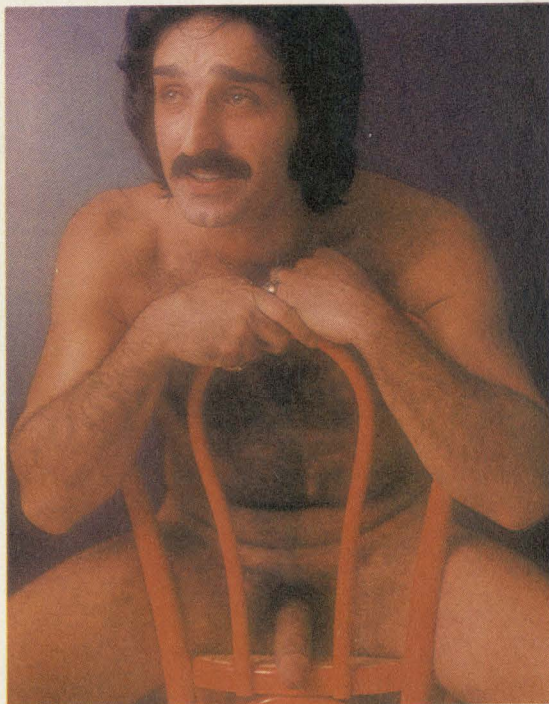
FOXYLADY is the newest and hottest (semi-hard males and all) addition to the women's erotic magazine scene. Their aim, according to Associate Publisher Ron Mancal, is to be "the *Penthouse* of the male nude marketplace. We're stronger both visually

and graphically than either *Playgirl* or *Viva*."

And that is the truth. Not only are the pictures a turn-on, but the articles really do a job on your head, especially for the woman on her own in the world.

"Our editorial approach," Mancal explained, "is geared to the woman as an individual rather than as a partner." Stories such as "The Woman's First Bank of New York," give the independent girl a practical guide to life on her own.

All in all, it's about time that women have an explicit and mind-stimulating magazine. Good luck, FOXYLADY. We know you can out-fox your competition, easily.



FLOOD OF EROTICA

For hundreds of years certain special classes of men have had access to the masterpieces of erotic art and literature created by their peers and preserved in their own sanctuaries. The church, the state and wealthy individuals prided themselves of their collections, while the common man was confined to 'dirty drawings,' 'blue books,' and literary trash which was measured in the number of dirty words per page, rather than craftsmanship.

Now, several books are

coming onto the market which contain excellent reproductions of erotic art, sculpture and graphics through the ages. Two books we recommend to our readers, who want to know more about what's been going on for centuries, are: "Erotic Art of the East," by Philip Rawson and Alex Comfort, published by Minerva; and "Erotic Art of the Masters, The 18th, 19th and 20th Centuries," by Bradley Smith with an introduction by Henry Miller, published by Lyle-Stuart.

Good reading to you, Hustler.



NO SEX PLEASE, I'M A VEGETARIAN

It seems the vanguard of pornography in Germany still is under the influence of the grotesque period of the 1930's and 1940's. Underground films now feature decapitations of barnyard animals, and the varying uses found for waste remains in both group and individual sex.

The scene over there seems to be what we in the States have classified for centuries as witchcraft. If

Manson had seen these films, would they have prevented him from pursuing his nightmares in ghoulish enactment? It's a good question, but finding the answer would have the ASPCA up in arms.

No matter what your position is, the subject is now on the silver screen and on videotape in Germany. We're on a health food kick this year — all vegetable protein, except that which comes willingly.

like what you see?

See this and more by subscribing now to the most revolutionary men's magazine in the world today.

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HUSTLER

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BITS & PIECES

LEFTOVERS

Here's a hot one from New York City where erotic sculptor Eddie Louie was paying a botany student from N.Y.U. to feed his rhododendrons while he was out of town.

Apparently the girl spilled some of the stuff on herself. When Eddie finally came back one afternoon, *Presto!* This is all that was left! Imagine.

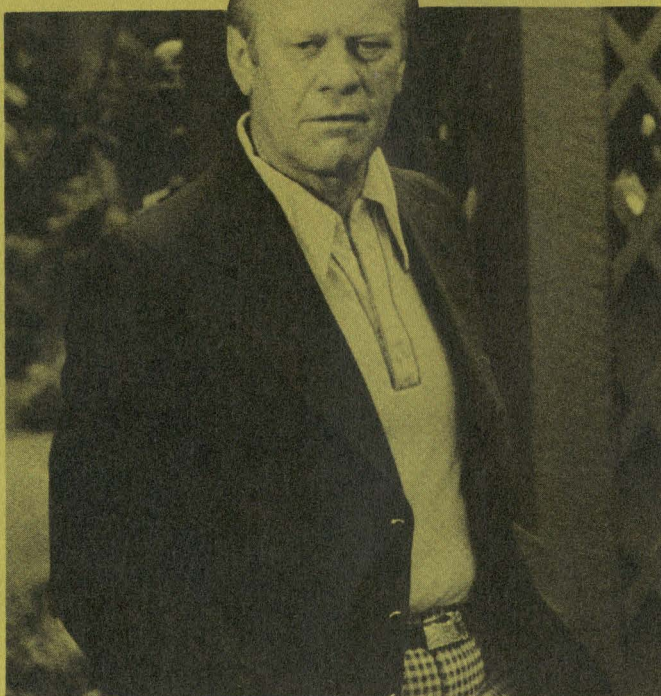


PREMATURE ASSHOLE OF THE YEAR AWARD:

Goes to President Gerald Ford for appointing Nelson Rockefeller to head up the committee for investigating illegal activities of the Central Intelligence Agency during the late '60s and early '70s.

It seems Nelson sat on several key committees during the period in question, including the Foreign Relations Committee, which should have had access to any information regarding domestic activities of the CIA (which is illegal, according to the CIA charter of 1947.)

Sounds like another cover-up to us. Will we have to wait until two years after Nelson is elected president in 1976 to find out how accurate our guesstimates really are?



friends

Popular scientist, Dr. Alexander Comfort, said that today's changing sex mores marks the end of propriety sexual attitudes.

"Friendly" sexual relationships may become commonplace but they will also be very impermanent. Settled couples will engage more openly with other couples and third parties. "This will herald an expression of social intimacy," he is reported to have told an assemblage, "without prejudicing an intimate relationship."

Mate-sharing, a view popular with the world's foremost sexologists, is a realistic view of the needs of couples for variety in their lives, according to Dr. Comfort.

He feels that the coming generation will engage more openly in sexual relations with friends and even strangers, and should strengthen their understanding of each other.

Congeniality in all sexual attitudes will hold sway as will uninhibited responses to sexual requests.

DON'T CALL ME, I'LL CALL YOU

Chicago police lieutenant has taken on the Illinois Bell Telephone Company. Instead of the standard Chicago issue of club, gas and gun, the lieutenant has filed suit in court.

He charges that the phone company makes him pay 50¢ per month NOT to list his phone number in the directory. The lieutenant feels, and rightly so, that he should not pay for a private number.

After all, paying the phone company not to list your phone number is like paying a young boy to fuck your own daughter.

TOO MUCH IS NEVER ENOUGH

For those of you who still haven't read enough about Watergate, the National Lampoon Magazine proposes the Watergate Book Club. Some of the titles being offered are: *God is My Unindicted Co-conspirator*, by Charles Colson; *Ask Me No Questions*, by Richard Helms; *Speed Deleting*, by Rosemary Woods; *How To Be Your Own*

Best Witness — *The John Mitchell Memory Method*, by John Mitchell; and *Ten To Life With Father*, by Julie Nixon Eisenhower.

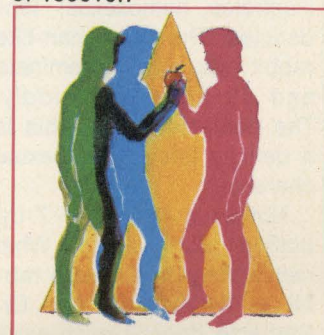
Word is that the next Watergate rip off is coming from the Walt Disney Studios. That's right, a Watergate cartoon. The only problem is; who's going to play Richard Nixon? Donald Duck or Goofy?

BITS & PIECES

TRIAGE

Who will survive the '70s? The controversy grows over moral and ethical questions regarding use of

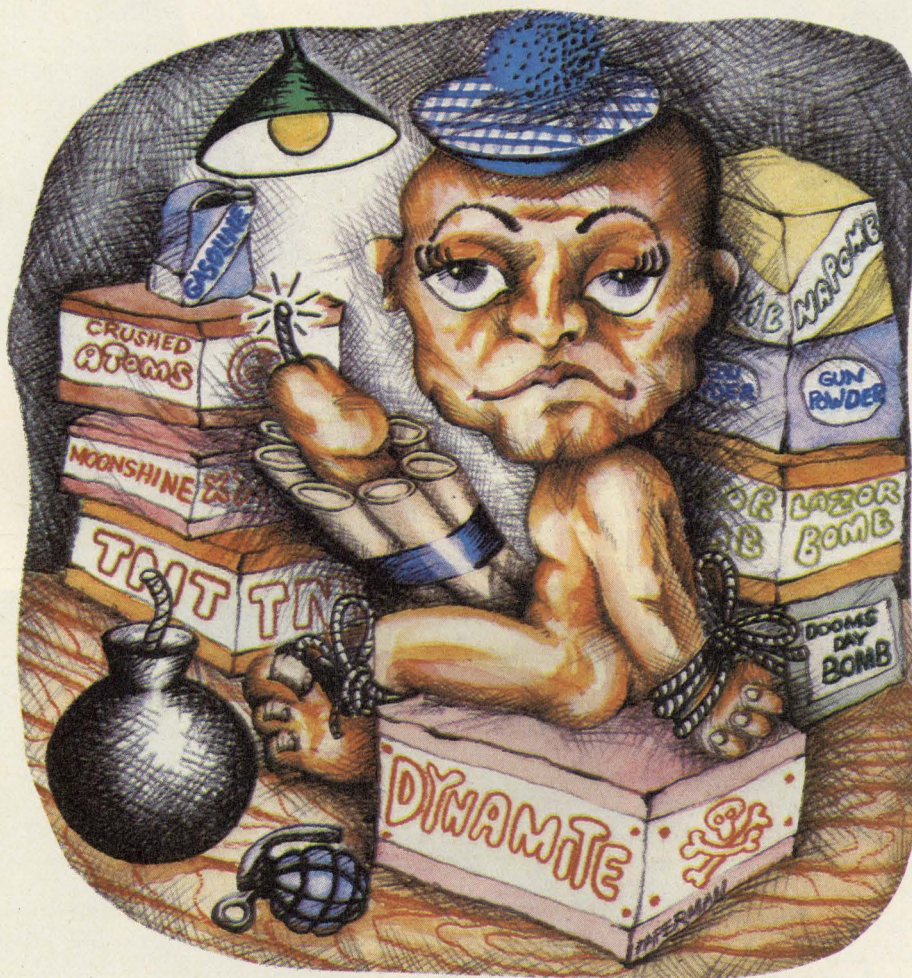
"triage" to determine where food relief will go — and to whom. Triage, which was practiced in World War I, is a system whereby those who are sick, dying, and wounded are divided into three groups: those who will not recover no matter what is done for them; those who will recover with immediate care; and those who will survive with or without immediate or special attention. Those who will survive with immediate care are provided relief. The rest die or recover.



In a world as hassled by food shortages, due to drought, poor soil, inefficient methods of farming, blight, ad infinitum, the question of what to do about starving populations is a constant source of frustration to population experts. Church leaders reject triage, but the facts of the matter point to its eventual use in countries like India, where nearly 12 million people are added to a starving population each year; and where the nation has virtually no hope of overcoming her food shortages in this century.

Who does that leave? Depends on where you're lucky enough to live.

MOST TASTELESS CARTOON OF THE MONTH



BLOW JOB!

BITS & PIECES

A MYTH DESTROYED

When you were a young kid, did your parents tell you the story about the Easter Bunny? Remember, he was a tall rabbit, either pink or blue, who came into your house at night and left a basket full of goodies complete with multi-colored eggs.

Well, brace yourself. According to Doctor Theodore T. Barnacle, a New York psychiatrist, the whole story illustrates homosexual tendencies. The large man-like rabbit was very effeminate and all furry and cuddly. The doctor says that this is a definite latent homosexual character.

Now, for 43 empty 7-Up bottles worth \$2.15: What men's magazine uses a rabbit as its symbol? And Dr. Barnacle doesn't even work for us.

Science can be most informative.

PAPA'S LITTLEST GIRL: MARGOT HEMINGWAY

From the world famous ski resort, Sun Valley in Ketchum, Idaho, to New York City, on a few easy flights . . . comes Margot Hemingway; 19 years old, six-feet tall, blonde, and relatively happy.

She should be. She's hanging out in the right places; being seen in an ever

widening circle of celebrities, including photographer Scavullo, designer Von Furstenberg, burger tycoon Errol Wetson, ad nauseum.

Last summer she worked with Evel Knievel in Twin Falls as an office girl, only to jump from Evel's troupe to gain dubious acceptance among the ranks of Wilhelmina's Wonder Women.

HUSTLER wants to see you go a long way, Margot, so we hereby invite you to be our HUSTLER Honey of the Month, any old month you want to from now to the end of the year, all by your six-foot self, or accompanied by Evel, Errol or Egon. **HU**

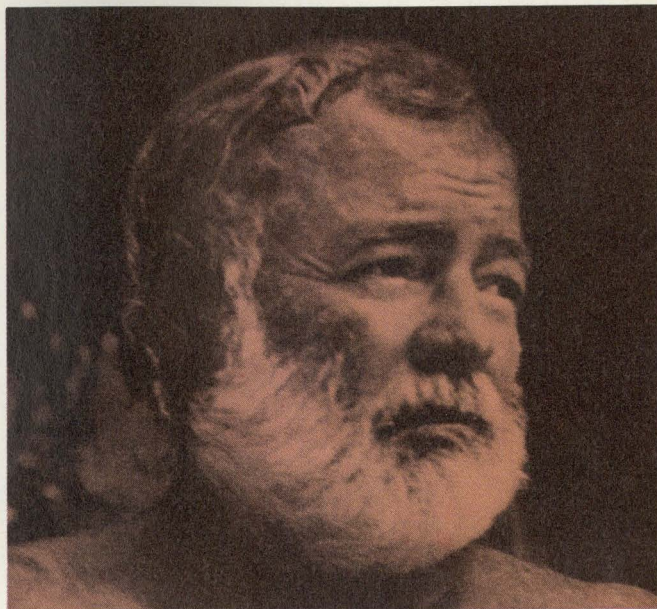
PROTEIN HIGH

Pussy on the half shell behind and fresh escargot up front. That's the way to go these days.

These are two of the high protein entertainments that

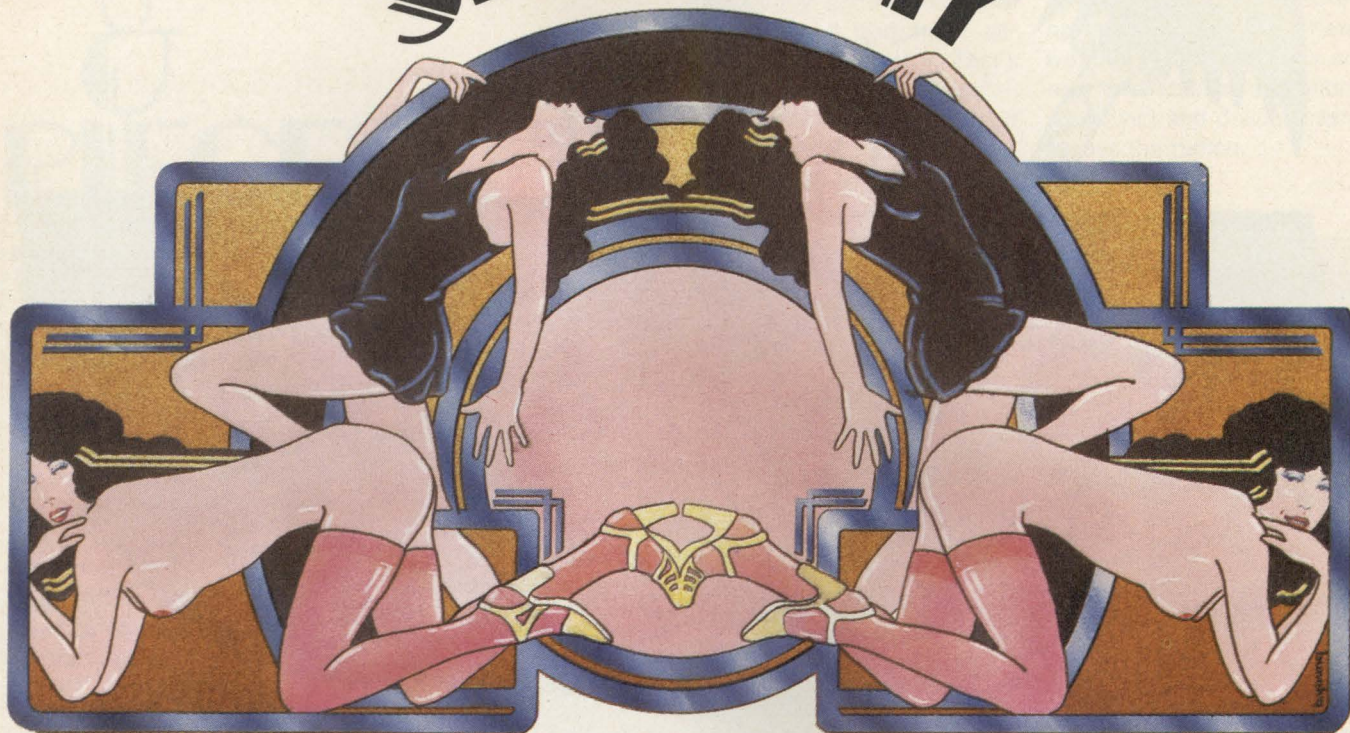
have become the fabled aphrodisiacs for millions worldwide. *His and Hers* are now available at sex shops (we think) and delicatessens across the nation.

(Sculpture by Eddie Louie)





SEX PLAY



Intercourse Positions

More than just the old in and out

HUSTLER invites you, the reader, to travel with us through the exciting, erotic realm of human sexual pleasures. Pleasures which have remained hidden too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy in the guise of respectability.

This series, the second part of which is presented below, is prepared especially for **HUSTLER** Magazine. It is designed to help the Hustler give his women the rare sexual excitement and satisfaction in sexual relations that makes every experience an important one and keeps her asking for more. It should help you and your lover reach greater heights than either of you ever thought possible. And it will make you, Hustler, better equipped than ever to turn her on.

by Mike Roberts

Are there really as many positions as there are partners? Frankly, we aren't sure. We haven't fucked, or been fucked, by everyone. So, if we miss a position you may have performed with your sex partner, or had performed on you, and you think we should know about, we invite you to send us either verbal or pictorial explanations that will help every Hustler turn his woman on.

You may recall that in last month's editorial statement by our Publisher, Larry Flynt, he brought to our attention a court ruling which involved a Judge's request of the defense to explain the "missionary" position. Since this is the most widely used, most natural posi-

tion, and was traditionally used by early missionaries — not for pleasure, but for procreation — we will begin there. It is safe to assume that the Judge, if he had ever consummated a relationship with his old lady, secretary or girlfriend, probably engaged in this very position without even knowing it. Perhaps the "Judge's" position would be a suitable alternative title for this undulous, primitive act of penetration.

Actually, the missionary position requires very little from either party in the way of acrobatics or gymnastic ability. We assume you have brought the lady to orgasm at least once, preferably three or four times, and that both you and your partner are ready and willing to proceed with the act of balling. She will be wet. You will be hard. Both of

you will be in the same bed, on the same floor, or on the same suitable forum to discover the pleasures available at the tip of your cock.

You will be laying on top of the woman. If your cock does not automatically find the opening to your partner's cunt, do not be shy or hesitate to guide yourself into position with your hand. It is the wise lover who, at these critical moments, makes sure to stimulate the woman's clitoris with his fingers even before the movements of penetration have rubbed it delightfully red. So before you actually take your cock in hand to sink it thankfully into her pussy, manipulate that shining gem of pleasure, the clitoris, with your fingers. This is also a good way to explore the area where you will be putting your cock.

The man will be on top and the woman on the bottom. As we said, it is a traditional position and one which many women have been up in arms about since women's lib became chic. Entering the vagina from this position should pose no difficulty if you have adequately performed your foreplay sexercises with a willing partner.

If penetration is difficult, refer to Part 1 of this series (April, 1975) or ask your woman what you can do for her that will make her come to you; that will enable you to give her the pleasures you are receiving from her.

Generally, penetration at this stage should pose no difficulty. A woman's vagina can accommodate almost any size penis, from the smallest to the largest. (Compatibility will be discussed in a later issue of HUSTLER.) But it is medically documented that the average man's cock is between five and seven inches long, and that the vagina can withstand a cock nine inches or longer.

Do not let these statistics frighten you. It is the clitoris which can be used to excite a woman to orgasm. Many women derive great pleasure from coming while the man is inside them. This is called a vaginal orgasm and can almost always be accomplished by the thoughtful male lover who knows the missionary position.

Once you have anointed the head of your cock with her cunt juices, slowly begin the first thrust which will take you to the depths of her body. If you should encounter any resistance to your entry, pull yourself slightly back and begin again until you are finally totally inside of her. Remember, unless your cock is slightly wet, it will not slide easily into her. You do not want to cause your lover irritation, nor do you need a brushburn.

Preferably, you will continue these penetrating motions of discovery until your partner comes. Kiss her mouth, eyes, ears, throat and shoulders, if you can do so without coming out of her. That action is classified as a minor form of *coitus interruptus*, as it actually interrupts the train of concentration and the fantasies of the sex partners, thereby delaying orgasm.

Continue caressing and working her body with your hands as you begin alternate rhythms and movements with your hips. Circular motion and a steadily increasing speed of penetration is the best technique in this position. Press your body against hers where the base of your cock and the mound of

““ Once you have
anointed the head of your
cock with her cunt juices,
slowly begin ... ““

her pussy come together during these penetrations. A slightly exaggerated pressure at these points is what it takes to make your lover come. It will also be enjoyable for you, the Hustler, for you can feel free to release yourself at will.

From the missionary position you are able to move into almost any other position with no extraordinary difficulty. If you have not come, and if your cock is still driving hard and your partner is not tired or ready to quit, you can move immediately into another position simply by raising yourself up on your hands. This position will further stimulate the clitoris, and you will be able to feel the peristaltic movements in her vagina—the swallowing-type changes in the surrounding muscles—that will massage your cock. If you have just come, these movements will “swallow” your come as precisely as your mouth swallows water. If not, it will simply give you all the more pleasure and incentive to continue fucking.

From this position you will be able to watch your cock as it dips in and out of her cunt. Share this visual pleasure with her. Tell her to watch you as you slide deeply inside of her. Tease her as if you are going to pull yourself all the way out of her and then continue your movements to orgasm, or until you decide upon another position.

As we said above, the missionary position has caused a great deal of agitation among women. There is a psychological phenomenon in which *on top of* and *below* play very important parts. HUSTLER is publishing this series of articles for that very reason. Sex play is the sharing of pleasures during the sexual experience. Women do not always like to be *on the bottom*, so to speak. And for centuries, men have not let them be on top, probably for some psychological reason. They come home from the office, fuck their

wives or lovers, and retire to the study to watch television or read a book. They never take the time, or have the energy to go beyond the first, or missionary, position. This has led to an association among women that to be *on the bottom* is not fully satisfying.

As you will discover, there are great pleasures to be had by the man who gives his woman pleasure in various ways. So do not be ashamed that you are on the bottom. Do not believe for a moment that this is a position for the woman. That is not true. It is another way to fuck, and one that will continue to give her the pleasure and satisfaction she is looking for.

The missionary position with the woman on top can be accomplished simply by the two of you rolling over. Tell her your intentions . . . that you want her to be on top. You do not have to pull out of her to make this variation possible. Hold her tightly. Tell her to hold you. And slowly turn yourselves over. As you become more adept at handling yourself in bed with a particular partner, this will become easier for you to perform without disengaging. You will be able to hold your lover in your arms and perform the maneuver by yourself.

Once your lover is contentedly on top of you, and you are on your back, take time to acquaint her with the feeling of lying in this position. You will almost automatically begin to move about at the hips and waist in motions you are familiar with from being on top. But it will feel different. The woman's weight will be on you. She will feel lighter, more free and in a position to move about on your cock; grinding it inside of her and giving you pleasure as she receives it from your four-star erection.

Once you have experienced the pleasures of this and other positions, it will be natural for you to pursue changes during lovemaking.

Suggest to your lover that she sit on your cock; that she move from a prone position to a more erotic one. This one is called, “riding the peg.” She will have to bring her legs forward, so that her knees are abreast of your sides, and her legs will be slightly bent. Your prick, the peg, will be sticking vertically into the air. You will be held deeply inside of her, barely able to pull yourself free unless her movements and gyrations should release you from her. Have her lean backwards. Fondle her breasts which will spread out across

her chest, stretched and taut; ready to feel your fingers and hands run lightly across them, pulling the hard red nipples, massaging them while your cock searches out the inside of her vagina. Your movements should be calculated to give her the greatest pleasure she has ever had, as she bends and pulls your cock in her efforts to come.

It is also a good time to use one hand to manipulate her clit which is no longer pressing against your body, obtaining the stimulation it needs. Use your fingers. You might even slide a finger or two inside of her, alongside your cock, until she is truly filled.

Tell her to reach down and stroke your balls. She should easily be able to do so from this position, using one hand to massage them, while she supports herself on the other. If she is an imaginative woman, she will even poke a finger into your asshole. Anal stimulation can give pleasure to both men and women when thoughtfully employed in sex play. Do not be afraid to use this technique or to suggest to your lover that she use it with you.

Once you have penetrated her anus with your finger, or fingers, you will be able to feel your cock on the other side of the thin wall of sensitive membrane, which separates her cunt from her colon. Probing your finger and feeling yourself inside of her will stimulate her to greater elevations than you have known together.

Let her know that she has given you the greatest pleasure. This will make her want to continue doing so. If you should disappoint her, or tell her you are disappointed with her, she will not necessarily try harder to please you. It is when she believes she is doing well that her efforts will increase in their energy.

The rear entry, or "dog position," is accomplished with the woman beneath the man, on all fours. That is, she is on hands and knees with her legs slightly spread to enable the man to come in as close as possible. This ensures the maximum depth of penetration. If you are on your knees, you will be able to use your partner's buttocks and waist to pull yourself into her. There is no other means of leverage to accomplish this move in this position.

Variations of this position include the male bending at his waist, his body hovering over hers until he can support himself on one hand. His other hand is then free to manipulate his lover's clitoris.

**Anal stimulation
can give pleasure . . . when
thoughtfully employed in
sex play.**

In this position it will be possible to massage breasts, sides, and so forth, as well as to kiss the woman passionately on her back, neck, ears and shoulders.

Further pleasure can be derived by instructing the woman to lower the front part of her body, so that her buttocks are higher than the rest of her body. In this way she openly invites your penetrations. This position will allow you to go more deeply into her and come closer to the mouth of her womb (ensuring impregnation, if that is the intention of your sexual relationship), than any other position, except perhaps in the missionary where the woman's legs are raised and held so that her knees are over your shoulders.

The following several positions will be briefly discussed, as by now you have discovered many of the secrets which are locked in that beautiful mechanism known as *Woman*. You will be able to go on from these to positions of your own, and your lover's, imaginations. Do not try to exceed the natural ability or stamina of your body. It is useless to lift more than you can carry. You will only find frustration, and perhaps even anger, by defeating yourself when you can share a keen victory.

The first of these positions is known in the Hindu world as "Yab Yum." It is a sitting position with the lovers facing one another. Legs are wrapped around each other, as are the arms, and the

feet are crossed at the ankles to lock the two lovers in place. In this position you will be able to see the pleasure you are giving the woman by looking into her eyes. Do not stop kissing her or touching her with your hands.

Another bit of history regarding this position originates in Southeast Asia, where the hill people of the Semai almost ritually maintain screwing in this position. The main reason being that the people have nothing to lay on the ground beneath them in their huts to make themselves comfortable. The dried, splintery branches and crushed leaves amidst the dirt and pebbles do not make lying down a particularly exciting experience.

Which brings us to the next group of variations that arises from the missionary position.


While in the missionary, rotate your body as a blade until you are laying perpendicular to your lover's body, so that both bodies form a cross. It is often impossible for a man to remain inside a woman from this position, so it is wiser to continue fucking this way when you have scissored each other's legs to enable easier entry into her cunt.

To continue changing the position, keep up the rotation, focusing on her cunt since that is the point which does not move except to be stimulated. Your feet will probably be on or near her breasts. Hers will be near your chest. If you have cleansed beforehand, kiss her feet, sucking her toes as she has sucked your cock. At this point, you will be like the two blades of a helicopter crossing one another.

Move on around from there until you have again arrived at a perpendicular or cross position. This time you will be on the opposite side of where you started. It is likely your legs will have changed from top to bottom to enable an easier entry to the cunt from this new side.

Do not stop kissing and touching the parts of the woman's body accessible to you. Continue to stimulate and satisfy her, which will make her love you and look forward to being with you again.

Once you are satisfied that you have given her as much pleasure as you can for that occasion, do not hesitate to thank her for the pleasures she has given you. The thoughtful Hustler will find that his affectionate words and touches will be returned in satisfying ways later.

Next issue: Gourmet Guide to Eating Pussy. 

THE PHILOSOPHER

Shoes divide men into three classes. Some men wear their father's shoes. They make no decisions of their own. Some are unthinkingly shod by the crowd. The strong man is his own cobbler. He insists on making his own choices. He walks in his own shoes.

S. D. GORDON

HUSTLER

PORN REVIEW

Hustler Porn Review is designed to fill you in and keep you up-to-date on the latest X-rated flicks flooding the market today; those which are and are not worthwhile and why. Our star rating system is based on quality for your money, so you can refer to it in good faith. All movies listed can be seen at your local adult movie house.

RATING GUIDE

- * — Not suggested; not at all worthwhile.
- ** — Reliable; a few redeeming qualities.
- *** — Suggested; guaranteed to tease or please.
- **** — Highly suggested; the best in all respects.

Sodom and Gomorrah (****)

Much has been written and said about this Mitchell Brothers' spectacular and it's probably all true. It covers the field of sex completely and could in itself plausibly make up an entire Masters and Johnson study. Straight sex gets a shallow review because of the abundance of oral and anal intercourse, bestiality, lesbianism, masturbation and self-fellatio (the latter performed by a seven-foot-tall actor). Explicit in every regard, this is guaranteed to provide a turn-on for nearly everyone.

French Blue (***)

The documentary portion of this film — too large a percent of it — dilutes much of its effectiveness, but stunningly seductive star Brigitte Maier will tighten up your trousers with her exciting presence. Too often, the good hard-core action is slapped in the face by some trivial footage of home movie quality. One segment, trying to get two cocks into one ass, is not nearly as exciting as it might seem. But the flick is kinky and it has some beautifully tended female flesh to turn you on.

Deadly Weapons (*)

If you're a breast man, this is the flick for you. It stars Chesty Morgan with her twin 73-inch deadly weapons. Very freaky, indeed. Especially when she starts using them against the Mafia to avenge her boyfriend's death. Beyond those 73s, though, the film falls flat.

Birds do it, Bees do it (****)

*"Birds do it, Bees do it,
Even educated fleas do it.
Let's do it, Let's fall in love."*

Falling in love is not really what Cole Porter is talking about in that old song, as he and you and we all know. He means screwing, and that's what happens in this film. The thing that's different about this sex film is that animals are the stars, in fact, almost the entire cast. "Birds Do It, Bees Do It" is what the film industry calls an "entertainment documentary." The entertainment in this case being scenes of the courting, mating and reproduction of 71 kinds of animals.

First you see a peacock and a peahen doing it. Then fish, flies, praying mantises, frogs, snails, kangaroos, weaver birds, rhinoceroses, elephants, lions, chimpanzees, etc., etc. And, for the grand finale, a bull fucks an artificial vagina held by a man inside a tractor covered with a cowhide. The bull thinks it's a cow, see. That's how, in the cattle industry, they collect semen for artificial insemination purposes.



If all this sex sounds dirty, it isn't — except the part about the bull and the artificial vagina. The film makes the point, verbally and graphically, that sex is natural and purposeful.

To put "Birds Do It, Bees Do It" in perspective for you, we should tell you that this motion picture is a David Wolper presentation. In the past 14 years, David Wolper and his company have produced more than 450 documentary films which have received more than 125 major international awards, including five Emmys and one Oscar (for "The Hellstrom Chronicle" in 1971.)

"The idea for this film was David Wolper's," explains Nicolas Noxon, the writer and co-producer. "When he first presented it, my partner, Irwin Rosten, and I could only laugh in amazement. Countless films on animal behavior had ignored reproduction. From that moment we felt committed to the film."

Producing the film was, above all, a test of patience, says Noxon. To shoot it, film crews went to more than 40 countries. They traveled nearly a million miles and exposed more than a million feet of film.

"I cannot think of any way to feel more like a perfect fool," Noxon says, "than to spend great amounts of money in order to confront two animals who have no intention of courting or mating. They gaze at you and your expensive cameras with seeming condescension. 'What is it you humans have in mind?' they seem to ask. You realize that you are dealing with one aspect of behavior that cannot be prompted or faked."

Principal photographers for the film were David Oyster and Al Kihn. Kihn was one of 31 Wolper crew members lost in a plane crash just one week after he had finished this movie assignment.

As the film explains; when life on earth began, one-celled organisms reproduced simply by dividing in two. So for every organism that did this, there were then two that were apparently exactly alike. Gradually, more complex and diversified methods of reproduction evolved. Each species developed the method that guaranteed its own survival.

The fishes' method has worked for 300 million years, the movie tells us, and then shows us just what that method is. A male and female brook trout seek out a quiet nook in a stream.

After foreplay, which consists of swimming around side by side for a while, the female uses her tail to brush away some pebbles, making an indentation in the stream's bed. Then she squeezes out of her body millions of eggs. The male, at exactly the same moment, ejaculates sperm. They both open their mouths in an orgasm-like spasm. And the act is complete. Mother and father swim away. The eggs are on their own. Many are unfertilized or die. Enough survive.



A male frog sneaks up on a female, jumps on her back and holds her in a grip so tight she may be scarred for the rest of her life. The sexual embrace lasts for about 24 hours. Then they, like the fish, deposit eggs and sperm simultaneously. The exhausted male slowly swims away.

The male praying mantis is not so lucky. He, too, sneaks up on his ladylove. In a twinkling, he is on her back and has inserted his organ—whatever praying mantises call it. She seems undisturbed, but calmly begins chewing at his head. Eventually, methodically, she chews it right off and swallows it. He makes no move to get away. The lovemaking ends with her moving sedately away, leaving her headless mate to be finished off by other predators.

Some animals mate only once in a lifetime. For them, mating is the culmination and end of life. Others live to reproduce many times. Some, like the huge land turtles of Galapagos Island, reproduce only once in ten years. But they live to be hundreds of years old.

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ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

HUSTLER provides the best and most concise guide to entertainment than any other major men's publication. It features new clubs opening up, old favorites around town and a complete listing of classical entertainment events plus the best in massage parlors in the city. After conducting business affairs all day, touring the city or just passing thru, pick up a copy of **HUSTLER**. Enjoy the beautiful women, captivatiing articles and fine humor then let yourself be guided to the best places in town thru our Entertainment Guide. It fills you in on what's happening and where. Because of limited space, it is impossible to list all of the major cities each month. If you don't find what you're looking for in this issue, watch for it next month.

ARIZONA

PHOENIX: While getting around by auto is essential in and around the Valley of the Sun; the way of the old West, horseback riding, is still a favorite pastime. A trail ride in the **Black Canyon Sheep Driveway** is planned for the 19th and 20th of April by the Recreation Department of Maricopa County. Other sightseeing trips should include the open-moat Zoo; the world famous **Botanical Gardens**; Indian festivals; and the **Phoenix Art Museum**. **Del Webb** offers two choices when selecting an eating place: the **Mountain Shadows** with Continental and American cuisine; and the **Townehouse**, serving Old World recipes in the **Aztec Room**. Both the **Kon Tiki** in Phoenix and **Trader Vic's** in Scottsdale have Polynesian decor, but the former features exquisitely prepared American food while the latter carries the South Seas theme all the way. Massage is at its finest at **Cloud 9** and **7th Heaven**. **Dick Van Arsdale** and the **Phoenix Suns** exit the long **NBA** scene with home games against Los Angeles on the 2nd and Golden State on the 4th.

CALIFORNIA

LOS ANGELES: Stimulation is a big thing and a thriving business in this coastal metropolis. Massage houses outnumber almost everything except those who want to use them. When you run across names like **Tender Loving**

Care, **Erotica**, **Yum Yum Love Parlor**, and **Mothers Fun Palace**, it doesn't take a wizard to figure out that there are some exciting times ahead. An evening can also be filled with a trip to the **Ahmanson Theatre** where **Michael York** will be starring during April in "Ring Around the Moon." Other cultural offerings for the month include the **Southern California Choral Music Association** presenting **Roger Wagner** conducting Haydn's "The Seasons" on the 26th at the **Dorothy Chandler Pavillion**. **Sidney Harth** conducts the **Los Angeles Philharmonic** at the same site on the 19th. The **1520 A.D. Theatre Restaurant** provides a fun-filled show that features minstrels, a dancing bear and pinchable wenches. **All Baba's** provides exotic belly dancers to delight you before, during or after a Middle-Eastern dinner, and **Kelley's Steakhouse** specializes in hearty beef for the all-American taste. For after dinner drinks and fun, try **The Rib Cage**, **The Classic Cat** and the **Seventh Veil**. In the **NBA**, the **Lakers**, led by **Connie Hawkins** and **Gail Goodrich**, finish their home season with Portland on the 1st, and Seattle on the 4th. The **Kings** host **NHL** foes Atlanta on the 3rd, and Vancouver on the 8th. New York provides the **Sharks** with their finale on the 4th.

SAN FRANCISCO: When you hear that San Franciscans are polite to a fault, it doesn't mean you're going to get extra special treatment; it's the San Andreas

Fault they're cautious about. Treading lightly, first mentioned will be fine restaurants like **La Mirabelle**, the **Blue Fox**, and the **Imperial Palace** where palates can be satisfied respectively with French, Continental and Chinese dinners. Seafood is best around **Fisherman's Wharf** at **Castagnola** and the **Franciscan**. **Kan's**, as always, must be mentioned for its superb quality. The beauty of the annual **Cherry Blossom Festival** is set for the 18th to 20th and 24th to the 27th with a parade set for the final day. Presuming favorable weather, the **Opening Day Yacht Parade** will be held by the San Francisco Bay on the 27th or May 4th. We could fill several pages with massage parlors in this area, but you'll have to settle for a few and find the rest. It isn't difficult. **Rainbow Studio** is relatively new on the scene, but established parlors include **PG&Y Massage**, the **Zodiac** (with a domination room), and **Xanadu**. Winter sports come to a screeching halt after one week when the regular season runs out on **Rick Barry** and the **Golden State Warriors** in **NBA** action. They host Seattle on the 5th. For the **Golden Seals**, **NHL** games against Vancouver on the 3rd and Atlanta on the 5th spell finis.

COLORADO

DENVER: What do you do when you're a mile high? You hope you're in Denver, for one thing. While here, it's most

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natural to take to the ski slopes for the final month of steady action. From the slopes to a soothing massage parlor is not such a great distance, especially if you spend a lot of your skiing time on the ground. The **Far East Oriental Steam Bath** is recommended for that purpose. Twenty exotic dancers share the bill at **Chez Paree Restaurant & Night Club** and topless girls cavort at the **Trivia I & II**. The **Boston Half Shell** has ocean-fresh seafood flown in daily and you, the tourist, businessman or native, can savor the succulent results. **Emerson St. East** sports an historical athletic theme in addition to all-American fare. And you can feast on Italian dishes at **Portofina a Trattoria**. The **Denver Symphony Orchestra** is presenting six performances during the month.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

D.C.-BALTIMORE: This is one of the few areas in the U.S. where you can say "frig it" and not cause undue reaction from bypassers. Try to say Constellation in the same sentence or so and they'll think you're talking about the Frigate — the U.S. Navy's first and oldest warship kept in **Baltimore Harbor**. It was launched in 1797. Other sights to see in the Baltimore area are the **Peale Museum** with exhibits devoted to the life and history of the city, **Fort McHenry**, the **Flag House** and **Cylburn Park** which has 176 acres of woodland trails. When you get frazzled from all the exercise, have your loose ends tended to at the likes of **Chong's Sauna & Oriental Massage**, **Annette's Salon of Massage**, or the **Geisha House**. For the last word in seafood, head for **Obrycki's**, or try the traditional fare offered at the **Tom Jones Restaurant and Pub**. In the nation's capital, **Jenna's Massage Salon** or **Phase II Massage** are most helpful to the horny — tourist or resident. To be assured of a table at **Aldo's Rotunda** on **Capitol Hill**, be sure to call ahead. Same goes for **The Junkanoo** and **Harvey's**, billed as the "Restaurant of Presidents since 1858."

FLORIDA

MIAMI: The land of sun and fun is getting hotter and tourists still flock to this southern mecca for rest, relaxation and an inevitable sunburn. Elegant dining is a year-round item here with such draws as the **Chez Vendome** and **The 700**

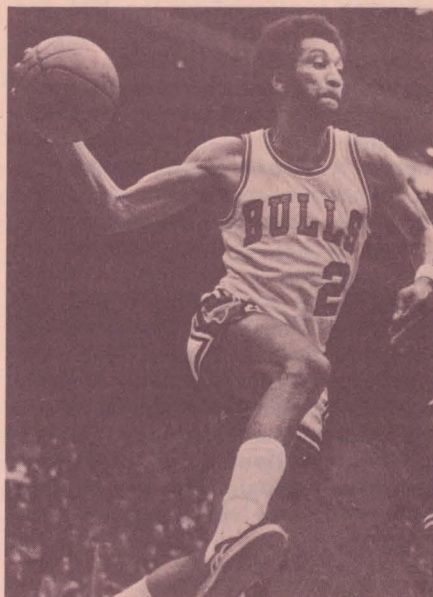
Club, both located in the **David William Hotel**. The **Cracked Crab** earns constant praise for its broiled and sautéed seafood; **Frankie's Vineyard Italian Restaurant** fulfills the yen for that specialty; Polynesian delights are plenty at the **Mal-Kai**; and the **Golden Greek** adds a unique Greek flavor to the area including a floor show of bewitching belly dancers. How the **New England Oyster House** figures in is obscure, but there are six of them in the vicinity. For a night on the town, you can do it the easy way by heading for **Leblang's Tours** with a variety of tours to choose from — or you can go it on your own to fun centers like **The Swinger Club**, the **Prado Pub** or **Place Pigalle**. If a soothing and sensuous massage is in your plans, make for **Tokyo House** with the exotic oriental touch, **Delores Lee Salon** or **Juanita's Health Studio**. In Fort Lauderdale, **Le Dome of the Four Seasons** is an award-winning restaurant with elegant French entrees. **Stan's Lounge** and **Lenny's 4 O'Clock** will also serve up dining and fun features for you.

GEORGIA

ATLANTA: Four months ago it was "out with the old; in with the new." You remember New Year's Eve, don't you? Well, you can warm up that saying anytime in Atlanta at the **Sparlin Health Clinic** where you can get a massage and a colon irrigation — in either order. With that offering, you'd almost have to call the **Masco Massage** or **Peachtree Bath House** "straight." Almost! From there to one of the city's best restaurants is a natural path. Brush up on your French before hitting: **The Abbey** with its specialties of Crabe Dante and Venaïson St. Hubertus; the **Coromandel** and a delicious pheasant Souvaroff; the **French Kitchen** serving riz de veau or tournedos Rossini; try choosing between filet de boeuf Diane and sole de la Manche meunieri at **Hugo's** (even if you know what it means). Rest your eyes at the **Bottoms Up Lounge**, the **Domino Lounge** or the **Grecian Gardens**. If your eyes get rested at these exotic spots, your whole body needs a tune-up. A couple of dinner theatres that are worth the visit are **Kelley's Seed & Feed** and the **Druid Cellar**. Meanwhile, professional basketball and hockey are down to their final week of action. In the **NBA**, the **Hawks** wind up on the road with two games. The **NHL Flames** host Pittsburgh on the 7th.

ILLINOIS

CHICAGO: With the April sun making a warmer appearance despite the drenching rains, the Windy City is beginning to be a nice place to visit. And beckoning sensuously are the city's many massage parlors like the **Parkway Baths**, **Tillie's Massage Salon** and **Bebi's Institute of Body and Skin Care**. If you're feeling adventuresome, talk to **Julia Zygowicz** for the same thing. She's listed in the book. Drop in at the **Roman House** for entertainment by unclad beauties; one of which might be your date since they hold amateur nude dancing contests. And don't waste your time looking for cakes and candles when you see all the gals in birthday suits at the **Upstairs Lounge** and the **41 Club**. Other bright nightclubs include the **Club Algiers** and the **Cantina**. Food is excellent at the **Haymarket**, fashionably close to the **Blackstone Theatre**; **Don the Beachcomber**, internationally known for its Cantonese food and original rum drinks; **Doro's** which spares none of your expense for a quality evening; and **Cafe de Paris**, serving the famous Duckling à la Belasco. The **Ivanhoe Restaurant & Theatre** treats you to **Act I** (dinner) and **Act II** (Broadway and off-Broadway



NORM VAN LIER

shows). Sports fans can watch **Norm Van Lier** and the Bulls tangle in their final home test against New Orleans on the 4th. In the **NHL**, the **Black Hawks** close shop against Boston on the 3rd and Detroit on the 7th. As for the **Cougars** in **WHA** action, New York visits on the 2nd.

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INDIANA

INDIANAPOLIS: Spring may not be warming you here as quickly as you'd like. If not, then instant heat can be produced at spots like **Magic Fingers Massage**, **Dorothy's Massage Parlor** or **West-side Velvet Touch** where bodies rub together. You can get taken in at the **Famous Door** with its "boylesk revue" of female impersonators, but "straight" spots like **Hollyoke Night Club** and **Shannon's Roaring Twenties** are top draws. If dinner theatre turns you on, then this is one place you won't want to miss. At least four are available including: **Beef-N-Boards** on the north side which tends toward musicals; the **Black Curtain** downtown with an intimate Bohemian atmosphere; **Avondale** usually presents light comedies; and the **Sheraton Dinner Theatre** offers a wide assortment. Distinctive dining is a pleasure at **King Cole**, an award-winning favorite. The **Chanteclair** at the **Holiday Inn** is noted as one of the finest French restaurants in the Midwest. For dancing, there's the **Grog Room** atop **Stouffer's Inn**. And for action with your drink, try "the strip," a six-block area on Meridian St.

KENTUCKY

LOUISVILLE: While waiting a few weeks or so for the **Kentucky Derby**, you can survey a host of fine restaurants like **Hasenour's** for delicious steaks and chops, **Trattoria Mattel** for an Italian feast, or the multiple dining rooms in the **Executive Inn** and the **Galt House**. Nightclubbing is always a popular pastime at **Del Rio Lounge**, the **Merry-Go-Round** and **Mr. D's Inferno**. The fine art of massage is practiced best at **Sissy's**, **Dixie's Massage Parlor** and **Kelly's Salon**. Fine dinner and theatre are combined at the **Beef 'n' Boards** where the best shows are presented. And the **Convention Center** brings in an occasional rock star like **Joe Cocker**. Most visitors here are horse lovers who never miss a chance to tour nearby stables in Bluegrass country.

MASSACHUSETTS

BOSTON: For all of its high-brow affectations, good ole Beantown is a pretty down-to-earth place when you look beneath the surface. One of the first

places to begin looking is in the "M" section where massages are marvelous. In the greater Boston area, **Jan's Studio** is a highly rated stopover; you can also drop in at **Girl Power of Boston** and the **Turnpike Bowladrome** (men only) on succeeding evenings. Assuming you want to do, see and taste more while you're here, **Athens After Dark** can provide all of what you're after. Steaks sizzle at the **Three B's** (that's beef, bird & brew, not breads), and **Jimmy's Harborside Restaurant** is renown for its seafood. **The Cafe Budapest** features a mouth-watering assortment of Hungarian delights. Combine dinner and theatre at **The Playhouse Restaurant** or any one of three **Chateau de Ville** locations where you can appreciate Broadway shows. The **Boston Symphony Orchestra** continues its 94th season with seven performances and a pair of open rehearsals. **Seiji Ozawa** holds the conductor's wand for all programs except the 22nd when **Joseph Silverstein** mounts the podium. Violinist **Isaac Stern** accompanies Ozawa on the 17th, 18th and 19th. By now, barring exhaustion by

All-Star forward **John Havlicek**, or tiny (6-9) center **Dave Cowens**, the **Celtics** should be breezing toward a defense of their **NBA** crown. Two of the Celts' final three games will take place at home on the friendly **Boston Garden** court: Buffalo on the 2nd; and Washington on the 4th. For the **NHL Bruins**, a season finale is set against Toronto on the 7th. And the **New England Whalers** wind up **WHA** action on the 1st, hosting Houston.

MICHIGAN

DETROIT: The "Motor City" may have to begin considering another nickname if financial woes don't ease enough to allow more new car purchases. One place where hands will never be idle, however, is in the massage parlors. Take them a hard problem and they'll solve it for you. Try the **Japanese Sauna** and the **Intensive Care Health Salon**. This city, located on the international border, holds much promise of fine spots to wine and dine as well as exciting nighttime relaxation. Making good on that promise are restaurants like the **Royal Ascot**, the



"To put it in layman's language, your loan application has been scratched."

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Boardwalk and **Chuck Muer's** one-stop entertainment center with the **Ponchartrain Hotel Restaurants**. And **Stanley's Mannia Cafe** is a most beautiful Chinese-American establishment that does wonderful things for your stomach. Swinging nightclubs keep you happy till the wee hours with topless dancers sizzling at the **Duchess Lounge**. **Pier 500** and **Killarney Castle Tavern** are other "in" locations. You can't beat the price at the Detroit Zoo; it's free, as is the **Dossin Great Lakes Museum**. However, there's a charge to tour the **Henry Ford Museum** in **Greenfield Village**, but it's fast becoming the only place where there are still autos in good condition, albeit a bit dated. The **Boston Symphony** comes to **Masonic Auditorium** on April 4th with **Seiji Ozawa** conducting. Winding up their **NBA** season, the **Pistons** with **Bob Lanier** host Chicago on the 2nd and Milwaukee on the 5th. For the **Red Wings**, the New York Rangers invade Detroit ice in their **NHL** capper on the 6th.

MISSOURI

KANSAS CITY: What is **Off Broadway**? It's this city's newest dinner playhouse. And **Tiffany's Attic** offers more of the same. These two lavish theatres provide a very cultural flair to a town that was ass-high in cattle 100 years ago. Broadway hits like "**Barefoot in the Park**," "**The Odd Couple**" and **Noel Coward's "Private Lives"** are presented in an intimate atmosphere. While April in Kansas City is nothing like April in Paris, you can get the feeling of the European capital while strolling down the tree-lined avenues. After working up an appetite, you still have a major decision ahead — where to eat. At **Annie's Santa Fe**, you are treated to a spiritual trip to Mexico by food and décor. **La Bonne Auberge** presents fine French cuisine, but reservations are suggested. For great American food, a fun place is **Sam Wilson's Meat Market** or the **Hereford House** where an open kitchen lets you watch while superb steaks are prepared on a charcoal hearth. Most of these settings also provide musical background in the form of jazz, folk or modern rock. Nightclub entertainment is spicy at **The Pink Garter**, and the **Yum-Yum** is very tasty. Femme mimics are on display at the **Jewel Box**. And "fox hunting" is a pleasure at **Eddy's**. For sensual delights, the **VIP Massage & Spa** offers that "something extra" which

stirs the adrenalin. In **NBA** action, the **KC-Omaha Kings** wind up their **NBA** schedule with a single home battle against Cleveland on the 6th (at Omaha).

ST. LOUIS: Surprising isn't the word for the "Gateway City"; more like expectantly pleasing. The **Ambassador Theatre** consistently has the top names in entertainment, but did not have a firm schedule at this writing. Before or after the shows, **Anthony's**, **Tony's** or **La Sala** will take care of your hunger needs with sumptuous dinners rating "E" for excellence. The April weather begins to allow comfortable excursions around town and the first two spots to visit are the **Gateway Arch** and the **Anheuser-Busch Brewery**. The **St. Louis Blues** conclude their **NHL** home season with California coming in on the 2nd and Chicago winding up things on the 6th.

NEVADA

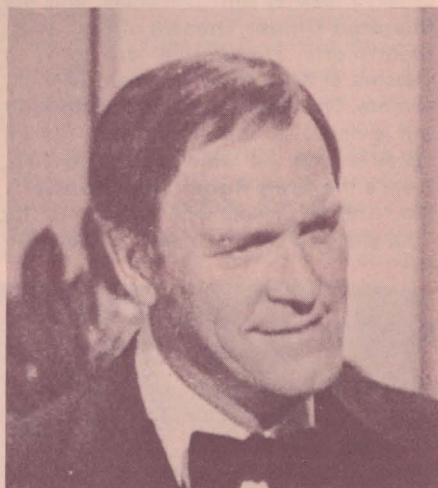
LAS VEGAS: About the biggest thing happening in Vegas this month is the grand opening of the \$20 million tower addition to the **Las Vegas Hilton** where **Elvis Presley** has extended his stay until



DEAN MARTIN

the 1st to help break it in. Following the "Big E" is **Johnny Cash** through the 14th and **Gladys Knight and the Pips** take over from the 15th into May. **Dean Martin** croons at the **MGM Grand** from the 2nd to the 8th and **Shirley MacLaine** comes in on the 23rd until mid-May. **Jim Bailey** is the only performer set for the **Thunderbird** at this writing, closing on the 9th. **Bob Newhart** fills out at the **Sands** with a four-week stint. **Debbie Reynolds** is booked at the **Desert Inn** until the 7th when **Juliet Prowse** and

Foster Brooks arrive and hold on till May 5th. **Caesars Palace** had open dates until the 17th when **Alan King** and **Ben Vereen** get together till May. **Wayne Newton** is on tap for a two-month pact at the **Frontier**, beginning on the 24th to replace **Roy Clark**. **Tottie Fields** should keep 'em laughing at the **Sahara** until the 16th and **Eddy Arnold** and "Lonesome" **George Gobel** complete the month. **Bobby Vinton** and **Charlie Callas** host **Flamingo** guests through the 9th when the **Lettermen** come in until the 30th. Pleasant sounds will come from the **Riviera** stage with **Burt Bacharach** settling in from the 3rd to the 16th. **Tony Orlando** and **Dawn** continue until the 30th. At the **Golden Nugget**, the **Vagabonds** take over from **Judy Lynn** on the 4th to the 24th and **Brush Arbor** then stages a three-week show.

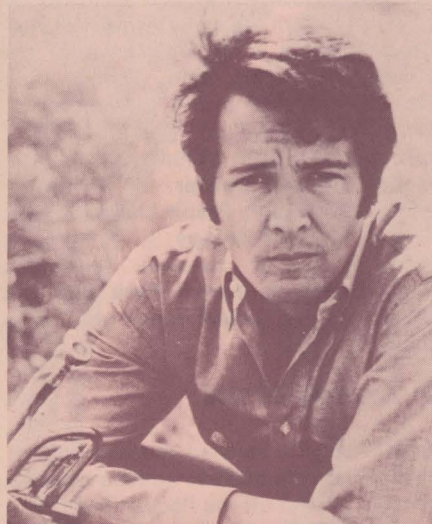


EDDIE ARNOLD

RENO: April in the Reno-Lake Tahoe-Sparks area doesn't differ too much from any other time of year. People are always trying to strike it rich at the gaming tables. It's a lot more secure and entertaining, however, if you take in the stars' performances. In Reno, **Connie Stevens** is on stage until the 2nd at **Harrah's Headliner Room**, to be followed by **Jim Nabors** until the 16th and **Don Rickles** from the 17th through the 30th. At **Jessie Beck's Riverside**, **Ray Malus** plays till the 13th; **The Jets** come in on the 1st and stay till the 20th; the **Kenny Vernon Show** is spotlighted from the 14th to May 10th and **Zella Lehr** is on stage from the 20th until May 3rd. **Harrah's Casino Cabaret** begins the month with **Jerry Van Dyke** until the 14th; **Frank Sinatra Jr.** takes over from the 15th to the 27th; and **Tommy Cash** is on from the 24th through May 7th. The **South Shore** in Lake Tahoe features **Wayne Newton**

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until the 10th followed by **Charlie Rich** (11th to the 17th) and **Herb Alpert** and



HERB ALPERT & the TIJUANA BRASS the **Tijuana Brass** (18th to the 24th). The **Circus Room** at **John Ascuaga's Nugget** in Sparks had not set its April dates at this writing.

NEW YORK

NEW YORK: Springtime in the city was a long time coming. Now that it's here, you can get out and see some of the things worth seeing — like **Lynn Redgrave** in **"My Fat Friend"** at the **Atkinson** or **Carol Channing** in **"Lorelei"** at the **Palace**. The **Metropolitan Opera** plays until the 19th featuring operas including **"Tosca," "Falstaff," "La Boheme,"** and **"The Seige of Corinth."** Opera not your bag? Then take it to **Caesars Retreat** which is THE massage parlor topping the list. The **Commodore Hotel's Leisure Spa** is right up there, too, along with **Spartacus**. When eating elsewhere, it's a solid bet that you'll get more quality than you expect at **Lutece, La Grenouille** and the **"21"** — unless you've been there before. All three are award winners. The **New York Knicks** host two final **NBA** games: Philadelphia on the 1st; and Buffalo on the 6th. The **Rangers** and **Islanders** face their **NHL** finale against each other on the 5th. In the **WHA**, the **Golden Blades** finish on the road.

OHIO

AKRON: Since we have no file on massage parlors in the Rubber City, you might as well head for one of the best

eating spots in the area, **Ted Boyer's Restaurant and Lounge**. Take advantage of what the insiders have known for some time now — Boyer's offers a delicious in-house champagne dressing for salads and, with steak orders, they include a chicken breast prepared to taste like lobster. **Phil Palumbo's Supper Club** continues to be a first-class drawing card for dining and entertainment while **Lou and Hy's** specializes in delicious delicatessen dishes. More fine restaurants include **Marcel's, Anthe's** and **Embers II**. Nightclub hopping must begin at **The Hustler Club**, 21 S. Main St., and if what you want is beautiful girls and solid drinks, you'll probably find yourself there at closing time, too. You might also like the action at the **El Cid Lounge, Ed Michell's** or **Salem's**. It's getting to be sightseeing weather, so don't forget the beautiful **Stan Hywet Hall and Gardens**. At the **Edwin J. Thomas Performing Arts Hall**, an interesting schedule is planned: the **Munich Boys Choir** will sing on April 1st; the **Paul Taylor Dance Company** comes in on the 11th; an all-Spanish program will be presented by the **Spanish Symphony Orchestra of Madrid** on the 13th; and the **Citizens Theatre of Glasgow** is slated on the 19th with a farce-comedy **"The Government Inspector."** For activities at **Nick Mileti's Coliseum**, see **Cleveland**.

CINCINNATI: Down by the Ohio River, there are a couple of traditionally fine restaurants you won't want to miss while touring Southwestern Ohio: **Pigall's** and



CONNIE STEVENS

the **Malsonette**. Call ahead for reservations since both of these award-winning places have gained a nationwide

reputation. Another pair of together attractions are the **Beef 'n' Boards** in Cincinnati and **Beverly Hills** in Newport, Ky. At the **Boards, "90-Day Mistress"** will be presented until April 20th and **"Marriage Go 'Round"** is set to take over on the 23rd. Across the River, **Guy Lombardo** tickles the ivories from the 8th to the 13th and is followed by **"Sex Symbol"** **Connie Stevens**. More sex symbols can be found at **Jeanne's** and **Steve's Health Salons**. If you'd rather earn the female attention, be sure to look up our Honeys at **The Hustler Club**, 608 Walnut Street. Or you can once again head South, across the River, to visit **The Brass Ass**, the **Della Street Lounge** or the **Mouse Trap**.

CLEVELAND: Unless some new places have sprung up that are still unknown to us, the massage picture is not the greatest here. However, the ones that were still operating the last we heard, have programs that will loosen a stiff joint or two. The **VIP Health Spa** employs luscious lovelies to perform the necessary maneuvers. Also check out the **Club Tubs** and the **Lakewood Health Club**. Entertainment of a calmer, but perhaps longer-lasting nature, is waiting at the **Theatrical Restaurant** with big-name performers adding to the enchantment. The **Front Row** offers top show business names and **Karamu Performing Arts Theatre** is always worth a trip. Restaurants with an imaginative atmosphere and excellent food include the **Kon Tiki, Charles' Crab** which specializes in fresh prime seafood and excellent service, **Port O'Call** with an underwater lounge, and the **Copper Kettle** serving a variety of savory dishes. Speaking of dishes, **The Hustler Club** on Short Vincent Street has the most beautiful "matched sets" on patrol to keep you from getting lonely. The **Final Approach** is an exciting nightclub if you're near the **Sheraton Inn-Hopkins**, and the **Bedroom Lounge** is right for a nightcap. At **The Coliseum**, the **Ohio High School All-Star** basketball competition is slated for April 11th. The **Harlem Globetrotters** come in on the 13th and the **Loretta Lynn Rodeo** kicks up dust on the 18th, 19th and 20th. Single home tests face the **NBA Cavaliers** and the **WHA Crusaders**. New York tests the Austin Carr-less Cavs on the 3rd and New England skates against the Crusaders on the 5th.

COLUMBUS: One place where you won't get bored is at **The Hustler Club**

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

and **Whatevr's Right Lounge** at 36 West Gay St. The sexy gals there are a definite turn-on. Other nightclubs to hit are the **Purple Jester** and the **Boo-B Trap**. **Sam Levinson** comes to the **Ohio Theatre** the morning of April 3rd to speak to the Women's Association of the **Columbus Symphony Orchestra** and the Orchestra itself will present Verdi's "**Requiem**" on the 18th and 19th. **Mershon Auditorium** hosts cellist **Mstislav Rostropovich** on the 2nd and the **Madrid Symphony Orchestra** on the 8th. Sightseeing should include the **Center of Science & Industry** with areas in science, industry, health and history as well as an excellent **Planetarium** sky-show. Dining is gracious and rewarding at the **Kahiki, Le Gourmet Room, Spirit of '76** and the **Jal Lal**. At the **Columbus-Springfield Dinner Theatre, "Hellzapoppin '75"** plays until April 13th and "**Love is The Time of Day**" runs from the 16th to May 18th. For some body contact with well endowed and talented girls, **The Euphorium** will rub your problems away as will the hand maidens at the **B & L Steam Bath Club, Sauna Club**, and the **Hand Rubdown**.

DAYTON: Planning to be in Dayton during April? Draw up details in advance so you won't miss fine restaurants like **Suttmiller's** or **King Cole**; two of the best area offerings. **Annarino's**, the **Pine Club** and the **Grub Steak** are along the same quality. The action is at **Whatevr's Right Lounge**, where a delectable dish will ask you to dance. And don't miss **Daddle's Money**, the **Show Bar** and the **Geisha House**. At **Fingerfun** you can get a massage that will warm you from head to toe and all points in between.

TOLEDO: What this town lacks in the way of the erotic massage, it tries to fill with exciting nightclubs. And it must be working, because where there's a demand, supply somehow manages to keep up. As for the parlors, when you've seen the **Toledo Bath House** and the **Executive Art Studio**, you've about covered everything we have a line on. **The Hustler Club**, 812 Jefferson Ave., is the most exciting draw for the night crowd with its provocative lineup of girls. **Brenda's Body Shop** and the **Phone Booth** keep things swinging, too. At the **Masonic Auditorium**, **Robert Alda** stars in the **Neil Simon** hit, "**The Sunshine Boys**," on the 4th and 5th. The **Preservation Hall Jazz Band** comes in on the 12th; **Guy Lombardo**

presents a concert on the 16th; and a **Pops Concert** with the **Toledo Symphony** and **Herbie Mann** is set for the 26th. Taking a special date to dinner? You can't help but impress her by reserving a table at **Bob Haas' Surf & Turf West** or the **Roman Gardens**. And **Manton's Wharf** will win her over with its fabulous seafood.

TENNESSEE

MEMPHIS: For a great meal or just an evening of having fun, the place to head for in Memphis is **Overton Square**. Everything is there from boutiques to restaurants to "watering holes" complete with girls. Well, almost everything. For the rest of it you can visit the **Spahaven Massage**, the **Geisha Bath House**, or **Tony's Massage Parlor**. Back to the Square, great entertainment is always found at **Lafayette's Music Room** with dancing, and **Friday's** is an "in" spot for the singles crowd. Exotic go-go at the **Golden Nugget** also gets it. Excellent seafood and steaks, cooked to perfection, mark **Vapors Supper Club**; the **Four Flames** is the home of barbecued oysters; and **Grisarti's** has Italian food down to a science. The **Gaslight Dinner Theatre** lets you dine and watch stage productions at the same time. Rock performances can be enjoyed at the **Auditorium, Mid-South Coliseum** and the new **Convention Center**. Dates were unavailable at this writing.

TEXAS

DALLAS-FT. WORTH: Neither of these neighboring cities goes out of its way to accommodate the other, but both put out a list of shops and sports to intrigue guests to the area. Tired of lonely evenings? You can either dial **Susie** at **Rent-a-Chick**, an escort service for the discriminating man; or try out the senserotic massages of **King's Palace**, **Tina's Parlor** or **TLC Studio**, all in Dallas. You can't lose. The **Twentieth Century Club**, the **Sea Horse Club** and **It'll Do Club** all cater to singles in Dallas, while top Ft. Worth nightclubs include the **6666 Waterin' Hole** and the exciting **Stage Door**. If you are partial to steak,

THE PHILOSOPHER

The tragedy of the world is that men have given first class loyalty to second class causes and these causes have betrayed them.

LYNN HAROLD HOUGH

you're in the right place, but ethnic eateries are available to please all tastes. The **Glory Hole Mine Co.** is a throwback to early western life and **Jimmy Vouras' Club Chateau** is elegantly modern. The **Greek Key Club** and Spanish-style **Bodega** add color to the Dallas social life. Some of its year-round sights are the **Hall of State, Museum of Fine Arts** and the **Dallas Theatre Center**, the \$1 million center designed by **Frank Lloyd Wright**. The **Hall of Geology** in Ft. Worth recreates battles between prehistoric beasts while the **Forest Park Zoo** and **Lion Country Safari** brings you up to date.

WASHINGTON

SEATTLE: Situated on the edge of the West Coast, Seattle has nothing between it and the wind off the Pacific Ocean. But it does give protection to the many massage parlors. If the chill gets to you while touring here in April, take time out for a trip to **Yvette's Massage Sauna**, **Skandia Massage Studios** or **Bellevue Sauna**. You can get rid of more than a chill. Before or after, you can drop by the **Inn of the Four Ravens**, the **Blue Banjo** or the **Fog Cutter**. This great northwest mecca is also a great spot for good food.



BILL RUSSELL

Don't miss brunch at the **Snoqualmie Falls Lodge** for a memorable time. **Ivar's Salmon House** prepares its specialty in traditional Indian method. Other top spots are the **Marine Room** at the **Olympic Hotel** and the **Piccadilly Court**. In the sports arena, the **SuperSonics** and Coach **Bill Russell** finish their **NBA** regular season slate with a pair of home tests: **KC-Omaha** on the 2nd and **Phoenix** on the 6th.

HUSTLER

Photographs by Johnny Castano



Love in the Afternoon

"If being bisexual is natural, then what's the hang-up?"



It is not really so surprising that one woman should find another attractive; that once finding that woman, she should not want to take advantage of a natural and honest response to affections so rarely shared. When, in a sequestered corner of the world, two women come together and find themselves equally pleasing, it spontaneously occurs that they should desire to give and to receive pleasure from one another. This was just one of those days.

It began at the door, in the understanding that immediately came when each looked into the other's eyes, and it continued throughout the afternoon. In all parts of the house, in all the rooms, in all the strange, spectacular ways they could arrange for their special rituals.







When the sun went down and darkness fell on the world outside, their fires continued to burn far into the night. Far beyond the endurance known to men. Far beyond their greatest expectations. Until at last, they were satisfied.





"Yech! Have you no decency?"

HUSTLER HUMOR



...and if you think that's funny...

Overheard at the local Hustler Club: "Hey, Honey, do you know what a man with a 13-inch cock eats for breakfast?"

"No," answered the sweet young hostess.

"Well," replied the tourist, "this morning I had two eggs, bacon, toast and orange juice."

When a fart escapes a woman's ass,
She lets her wind quickly pass
As if she were not to blame
And not knowing from whence it came.
While men exalt in being coarse
Fart in succession like a horse.

Suspecting her husband of infidelity, the wife attempted to put an end to it by arousing his jealousy. "What would you say if I told you I've been sleeping with your best friend?" she challenged. "Well," he mused, "I'd have to say that you're a lesbian."

Hoping to break into films, the young actress slept with a famous director who promised to put her name in lights. Sure enough, the very next week there was a 50-foot neon sign erected on Sunset Strip that flashed, "SUSAN BLACKWELL IS AN EASY LAY."

Two drunks were lying along the curb and a cop came along in time to see one of them with his finger up the other drunk's ass. "What do you think you're doing?" demanded the cop.

"My buddy is sick and I'm trying to make him throw up," came the slurred answer.

"Well, how the hell is sticking your finger up his ass going to make him throw up?" asked the puzzled cop.

"Just wait," said the drunk, "until I stick it in his mouth."

Having listened to a long-winded talk on sexual liberation by his newly-married neighbor, the bachelor finally broke in and said, "Since you claim to be so liberal, how about letting me kiss your wife's breasts for a thousand dollars."

Not wanting to appear prudish after all his talk and needing the extra money, the husband agreed and both went into the house. The wife removed her blouse and bra and the bachelor pressed his face gently between her tits and nuzzled for a few minutes. Getting impatient, the husband urged, "Well, go ahead and kiss them." "I'd really love to," sighed the bachelor, "but I just can't afford it."

"Please, Honey," pleaded the young man, "if you'll just let me do it, I'll only put it in a little way."

When his date finally gave in, the temptation proved too much for the fellow and he gradually went hilt-deep. "Oh," whispered the girl, "that feels nice. Now put it in all the way."

"Absolutely not," panted the quick-thinking youth. "A promise is a promise."

The ravishing brunette was ecstatic over landing a job which paid \$300 a week as private secretary to a company president. The next morning, arriving at work promptly at 9 o'clock, she was called into the president's office where she was told that part of her job would be to make love with him.

After the long session was finished, she said, "I guess I knew that this would be part of the job, but for \$300 a week I can't really complain."

"I'm glad you see it that way," said the executive. "Here's \$15 for the last two hours. You're fired."

Are you into joke telling with no one to listen? Tell 'em to us and make some money at the same time. We pay standard freelance rates. Send all jokes to Hustler Humor, 36 W. Gay St., Columbus, Ohio 43215. Jokes cannot be returned.



Photographs by Ralph Hampton

ROSE

The Flower Who Loves Being Pricked





Hustler's March Cover Girl is back by popular demand. This time our feature Honey reveals more of her petals than just her sensuous, seductive smile.

Rose has a penchant for big cocks. Combined with her love of deep body massage, which she picked up living on the West Coast, Rose can be satisfied by a man who can give her all she wants.



I certainly don't want men to think of me as strictly a body sensation, but I don't want them to forget that it is an integral part of me. I like sex. And I enjoy sex with a man whose prick can really fill me."

"Deep body massage is an art. It begins on the outside of the body and penetrates deep into the muscles, loosening fibers and causing the body to relax. With me, deep body massage continues into lovemaking and ends in a vaginal orgasm that begins from deep inside me and spreads out across my body in a flood of sensual awareness."

"When it's done well, I really do feel like a rose in full bloom."



The Telephone Club

by J. P. Morgan

I owe everything, my happiness and my satisfaction, to the Telephone Club. It was this club that allowed me to find my ideal mate, and it was also this club that proved to me that love does not need to be a strangulating embrace.

I remember the first call well. It came about 10:45 on a Thursday night as I was rinsing my nylons in the bathroom sink; the last chore I perform prior to retiring. I ran to the bedroom and said hello in my most alluring voice.

"Is this Dolores?" a man asked.

"Yes, this is Dolores."

"Dolores 3-5-9-6-8?"

"Yes, 3-5-9-6-8."

"Is this a convenient time?"

"Yes," I said, "I can help you."

"Excellent," said the gentleman. "I'm Charles 2-7-4-5-9. Are you going to participate?"

I told Charles 2-7-4-5-9 I wasn't sure, that I would see how things progressed, but that he needn't concern himself with the matter in either case.

"I like to be asked questions," said Charles.

"Alright," I breathed in the mouthpiece. "Are you excited?"

"It's standing straight up in the air," said Charles. "Bobbing, sort of. Yes. Very excited. I'm very excited."

"Are you . . . are you moving your hand?"

"I'm . . . yes. Yes I am."

"How fast?"

"Slowly . . ."

"Would you like me to pee on your face?"

"No! Please. Please don't do that," said Charles.

"Alright," I assured him. "Would you like to suck on my tits? My nipples are very big."

"Mmmm," said Charles. "Mmmmm."

"Would you like to watch me do myself?"

"Please. Oh yes. Do . . . do that . . ."

"I'm doing it, Charles. Can you see how I'm doing it? Can you see what I'm doing?"

"Don't stop. Keep . . . doing it . . ." said Charles.

The conversation continued along this line until Charles exploded on the other end.



"That was terrific," said Charles 2-7-4-5-9. "You've been an enormous help." And then we said goodbye.

For my first phone call, I thought I had done extremely well, I had managed to keep Charles 2-7-4-5-9 going with a steady stream of questions, just as he wanted. And I had been very honest with him. I really was fingering myself, so much so that some three or four minutes after our conversation terminated, I exploded, too.

It had been as easy as Elaine said it would be. I work with Elaine at a large insurance firm and she was the one who introduced me to the Telephone Club.

Elaine has always been more sophisticated than I, especially in matters involving relationships. Perhaps that's why she was able to sense that my love life was far from satisfactory. One night after the two of us had been out drinking, we found ourselves in the same old fix — drunkenly weary from listening to too many contrived advances — and she put it to me directly.

"It's better when you do it yourself, isn't it?" she said.

"Yes," I replied meekly.

"And yet you miss the presence of another being." She said it as a statement of fact, which it was, and I nodded.

Code 43-X belongs to women who enjoy fulfilling a mother role.

"Then I think you might be interested in the Telephone Club," she said. "I think it will take care of your immediate needs."

She explained it to me carefully and, of course, I wanted to join. After a screening process that would put the Secret Service to shame, I was allowed admittance. Aside from the modest monthly dues, the only requirement I was asked to meet was to accept at least two calls a month. In return I could file as many calls as I desired, anytime, day or night.

A workman came to my apartment and made a few adjustments on my telephone. And the club sent me its official directory which outlines the club rules and lists the specialization categories.

Because the club respects the privacy of its members, all calls go through the club relay center. Members desiring service call the center, and the center makes a connection with a party who is willing to receive. For callers, this eliminates the possibility of getting hooked up with an unwilling party; receivers are protected from being bothered at inopportune times.

No last names are used in the Telephone Club, again for reasons of privacy. That's why I became Dolores 3-5-9-6-8. Members, of course, are free to make private arrangements to meet one another if, during a call, they find compelling reasons to do so. The initial screening process makes this perfectly safe but, even so, most members avoid it. Most have learned from bitter experience that attempting to turn fantasy into reality is an unprofitable exercise.

The specialization categories refer to the extensive preference file maintained at the club relay center. This exists to better serve the members, both in terms of giving them what they want and in keeping from them what they don't want. Almost all male members, for example, are coded 67-D, which means they are not interested in receiving calls from other men. Code 43-X belongs to women who enjoy fulfilling a mother role. Code 11-A is assigned to members who desire to be submissive. Code 44-L is for members who do not wish to use or hear any words which describe sexual function or anatomy. And so on, a code for every preference the members have brought to the attention of the club.

In practice, the system works easily enough. You simply call the relay center, identify yourself, and state your preference, if any. The mediator then connects you with a suitable party.

Three days after my membership went into effect, I received the call I have already described. And three days after that I found it necessary to initiate my own call.

It was a warm night as I recall, and I was trying to release the tensions of a day that had been vaguely irritating. My employer, Mr. Plutona, had been in a bad mood and had spent his day making himself feel better by making me feel worse. Accepting this sort of treatment is part of my job as a secretary, but sometimes, as on this particular night, it makes it difficult to concentrate on relieving myself. I just couldn't seem to get myself excited.

continued to page 95



"Not bad. Any other qualifications to marry my daughter?"

ginger

Ginger: Under
the influence
of oils . . .



“Sought by travelers, fought for by soldiers and pirates, the luxury of stolen oils from isles of paradise around the world.”





“Oils to enhance the flawless beauty of Venusian fabric
—a lover’s skin, twisting and turning to the touch
of pleasure and lust.”





HUSTLER'S HONEY MAY 1975









“Ginger acquaints herself, like the stylish dancer she is, with the erotic sensations she experiences alone, and with her men. Under the influence of oils, of course. “I wouldn’t make love without them,” she smiles.”



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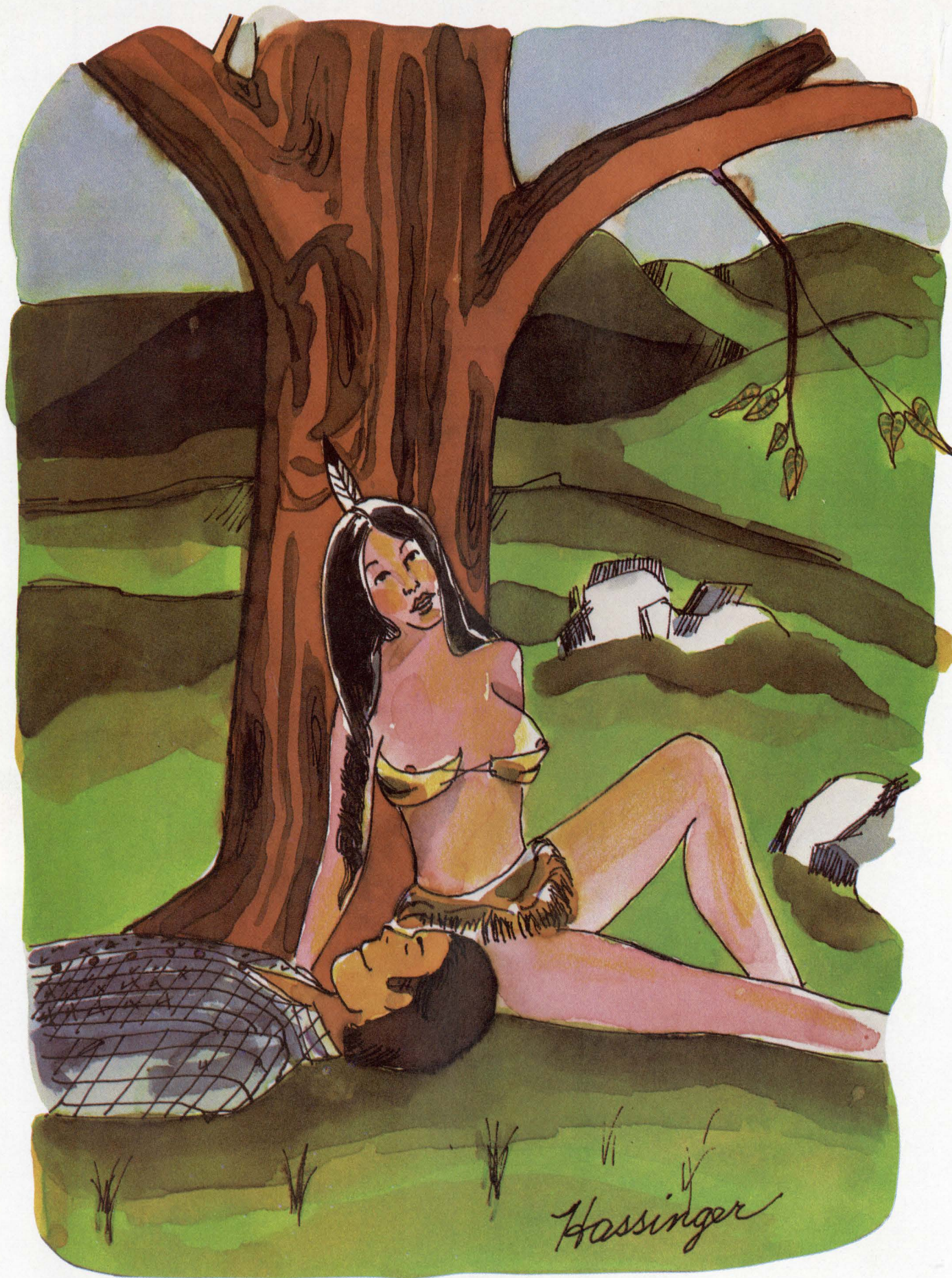
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"So . . . white man finally eat Crow."

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BETTE MIDLER

HUSTLER PROFILE

One of the true stars of the '70s, Bette Midler maintains an obscure personal life that is typified by the concealment of her age — estimated at 29. She attended school in Hawaii and added a year of college before quitting her formal education to pursue a theatrical career. She was plucked from a pineapple plantation in 1965 to play a small role in "Hawaii" and followed the company back to the mainland.

However, Bette didn't begin her fantastic rise in the music field until a few years ago when "Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy" staggered the charts. Her first album, "The Divine Miss M," was produced in late 1972 and her second, "Bette Midler," followed a year later.

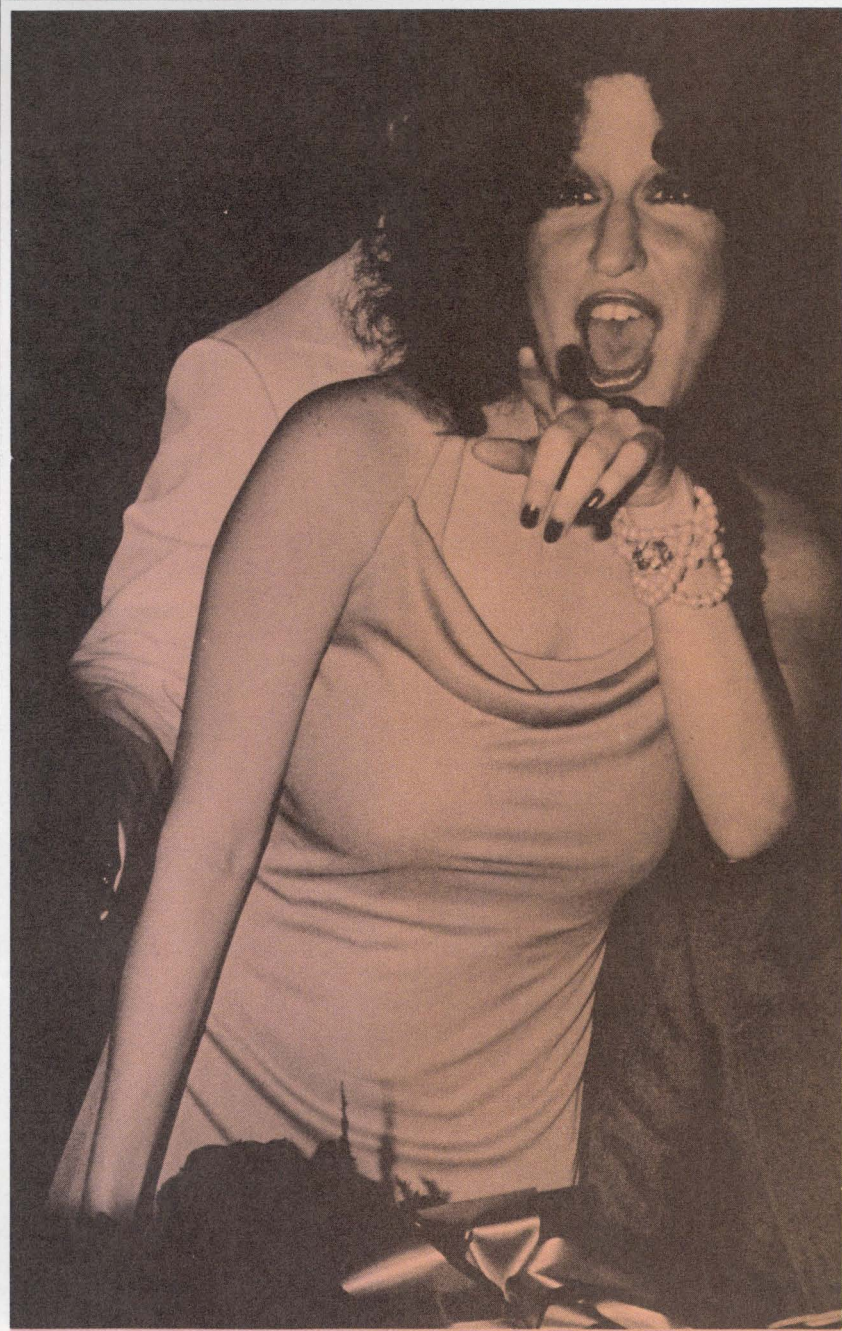
Now it's just a question of keeping her star in orbit. And, after reading her profile, you won't bet against Bette.

by Pat Salvo

"I'm the last of the truly tacky women," says singing sensation Bette Midler. "Even as a child in Hawaii, of all places, I noticed that the bad girls had all the fun."

But tacky is hardly the word for the busty chanteuse whose renditions of songs from the '40s and '50s have put her into the limelight and earned her (aside from lots of greenbacks) vast critical acclaim. Her concert tours have smashed attendance records all over the country, a fact that makes those who had laughed at her just a few years ago stop and think.

She travels a lot, but hangs her hat and sleazy-breezy dresses in New York's Greenwich Village. Her anonymity is singularly protected by the lack of



name plates on the bell or door. But those in the know can be found at strange hours waiting around the block for a glimpse of her, or scrounging in her garbage cans for souvenirs.

The Divine Miss M has a unique way of moving, a sort of choreographed stride that takes her from one place to another. She never looks like she's walking. Her attitudes and approach to people and show business also follow suit. *Variety* wrote that she possesses "enormous chutzpah, although the quality of her voice and choice of material take precedence." That chutzpah is probably the reason she made it big on her trip down the garden path that might have led to oblivion in Hawaii.

Bosomy Bette has recently been busy, busy! The buxom carrot-topped bumblebee is currently making her second comeback (one for each album.) And, although she has been out of the spotlight, she certainly has been "a pounding thump in the hearts" of her fans.

Bette's second album, "Bette Midler," produced by Jet Set record moguls Arif Mardin and Barry Manilow, was a critical failure (*Rolling Stone* panned it.) But to all the record-buying Rhoda's in Riverside Drive, Jackson Heights, Brooklyn and the Grand Concourse, it was sweeter than the sound track from "West Side Story."

Her newest LP — as yet untitled — has a juicy story behind it. First off, two songs are produced by famed Paul Simon, formerly of Simon and Garfunkle. And there's more in that relationship than meets the eye. Bette's publicist says they're just "very good friends." But other close friends say that they're "not just close friends" and that "they both like to eat Chinese food." Paul's brother introduced the pair and it was love at first egg roll. They jumped right into the studio and layed down some hot and heavy tracks and were "seen everywhere together."

But alas, the musical love affair was short-lived. Not content with one minority producer, Bette had aspirations to become the first Jewish blues singer to make a record with Motown — home of the Detroit sound (Supremes, Marvin Gaye, Stevie Wonder, Diana Ross, et al.) — now located in Hollywood. When asked about crossing over Motown's black border, Bette jokingly purrs:

"I'm one of the first whites. We're hoping to cross the line; that's our dream. We might not succeed, but I wouldn't be disappointed if I didn't be-

cause hardly anyone can. I'm not going to be on the Motown label, but it's the first time they let one of their producers work a non-Motown act. His name is Hal Davis and he does all the Jackson Five, and some of Marvin Gaye. He has an arranger, James Carmichael, who I think is a genius, and he's going to do the arrangements. So I'm real excited about it. It's a little on the sexy side. Do you know that record, 'Pillow Talk?' I'm looking for something like that because I was crazy about the song. It wasn't a Motown record, but it had that sexy sound that people play in discotheques. And I'm crazy about that kind of music."

“I’m one of the first whites. We’re hoping to cross the line; that’s our dream.”



She is also crazy about Hawaii, the place where she was raised and probably got her first lay. When someone suggested that Hawaii smelled like sex, Bette got nostalgic:

"Hawaii doesn't smell like sex to me. It's the only place in the world that smells like that, it's not sex, it's . . . freedom. Absolutely. I really miss it. Every six months or so I get a wave of homesickness. You know? It comes right over me and everywhere I turn I see signs that tell me I should go back — which I do, usually once a year. My folks are still there, schlepping."

Talk about schlepping. "That's Bette's forte," exclaims a close confidante. "She's always running back and forth to Tinseltown for record deals and possible TV series; and also back to the Big Apple to lay the groundwork for a Broadway Review," which she'll be writing — tentatively titled: "Fear and Schlepping in the Big City." Her manager, meaty Aaron Russo (The Baron), plans "to lay it on the Great White Way for two months and then take it on tour around the country."

For her Broadway debut, Bette has been studiously taking vocal and dancing lessons and has been to Paris twice in the last few months to pick up some clothes and to share a little tackiness with those gay Parisians:

"When I was in France, I went to all the drag shows because that's about all they have in France; lip-synch and drag shows. And there was a guy there who was dying to impersonate me, but he had never seen me so I met him and we had a chat. He asked could he please do it and would I help him but he didn't speak one word of English. He couldn't understand what I was singing because his knowledge was so limited. He would lip-synch, but his mouth couldn't form the words because he didn't know what they were. So I wrote them all down for him and choreographed his dance. I never did see how it turned out. It was the most bizarre experience I've ever had. Ya know, I would be a great director!"

Ms. Midler's biggest ambition is, of course, to make a movie, but as she so eloquently stated it: "Nothing tasteful has come up. Sure I'll make a movie as soon as somebody gets themselves together and writes a tasteful script with tasteful lines and tasteful scenes for a person as tasteful as myself. You see, I love cheese and I love sleaze, but you can't go too far with me. The touch has to be very light."

"Believe me, I'm looking, but I just haven't found the right script yet. I've had some wonderful offers; I've been very flattered. I've turned down mostly nostalgia musicals. If I do one, I want to do it when nobody's doing nostalgia musicals, not when everybody and their brother is doing them. So I'll have to wait about 20 years to do it. Then it'll be about the '60s."

Glamorous or not, a pineapple farm was where Bette was discovered. She was packing slices of a pineapple company when the film company making "Hawaii" came to the island seeking extras for the film. Bette got a part, if you can call it that, and received for her labors a few hundred dollars and a trip to Los Angeles. She skimmed on her budget and finally got to New York in time to be out of work. One of her fondest memories of those early days is the hotel where she stayed.

"It was a real rat trap . . . The Broadway Central. The experience there helped me develop good wind from running from the weirdos in the hallways. Everything lived there — everything!"

She ran right into the thick of things in the Broadway Central. She must have had the kind of visions of Times Square that only come after seeing "Guys and Dolls" 22 times on late-night TV.

A miserable failure at filing and typing at Columbia University, Bette hit street level selling gloves at the noisy, noxious Sterns Department Store. She had a fight with a customer one day, cried and quit. After that, she kicked around for a while, auditioning every minute of her spare time and feeling obligated to personally answer all the casting notices. Finally, she landed a chorus role on Broadway. She made it and her hooked nose finally came in handy. The play was "Fiddler on the Roof" in which she eventually worked up to taking the role of Tevye's eldest daughter, Tzeitel.

"I spent a lot of time schlepping about, looking for Bob Dylan. He was my idol: I liked his style. When that didn't pan out, I managed to get the part in the chorus of "Fiddler on the Roof." It was luck. When the show folded, I decided to find something more challenging than Broadway. It was a different kind of thing I decided I wanted to do."

For a 21-year-old girl, doing the same job every day for three years is tiresome. For a 21-year-old starlet, doing

the same play eight times a week, with matinees, is unbearable.

"I'm not really a star. Stars fall for all the bullshit they read about themselves in the press. They love to have their egos inflated. I'm not like that. They seldom write anything in the press that comes near to being the real me."

Admittedly, Bette Midler was really good in "Fiddler" for about two years because, "I had this little thing in my head that wouldn't let me not be 'on.' And I would go out there for two years and every night I would be 'on.' But the third year . . . well, I came to a screeching halt. There I was in the third year, working for the same money I

**I'm not really a star.
Stars fall
for all the bullshit
they read about themselves
in the press.**



had during the first year, breaking my ass. I was miserable because I couldn't get into agents' offices. They would send me out for auditions and the people wouldn't like the way I looked, or the way I sounded. I couldn't make them understand that there was something there."

A new excitement entered Bette's life to get her through the dreaded third year. She would go down to Hilly's after the show each night and sing her soul out.

"I got up in front of this little audience and just sang. The first two songs weren't anything special, but with the third song something just happened to my head and my body — it was just the most wonderful sensation I'd ever experienced. It wasn't like me singing, it was like something else. I sang "God Bless the Child" which I don't even sing. I sang it once and it frightened me. It really freaked me out. But I was screaming by the end of it. The song had a life of its own and imposed itself on me. I didn't even know what was going on. I was just this instrument for what was happening. So I decided that was a nice change and I'd do it for a while. And I did."

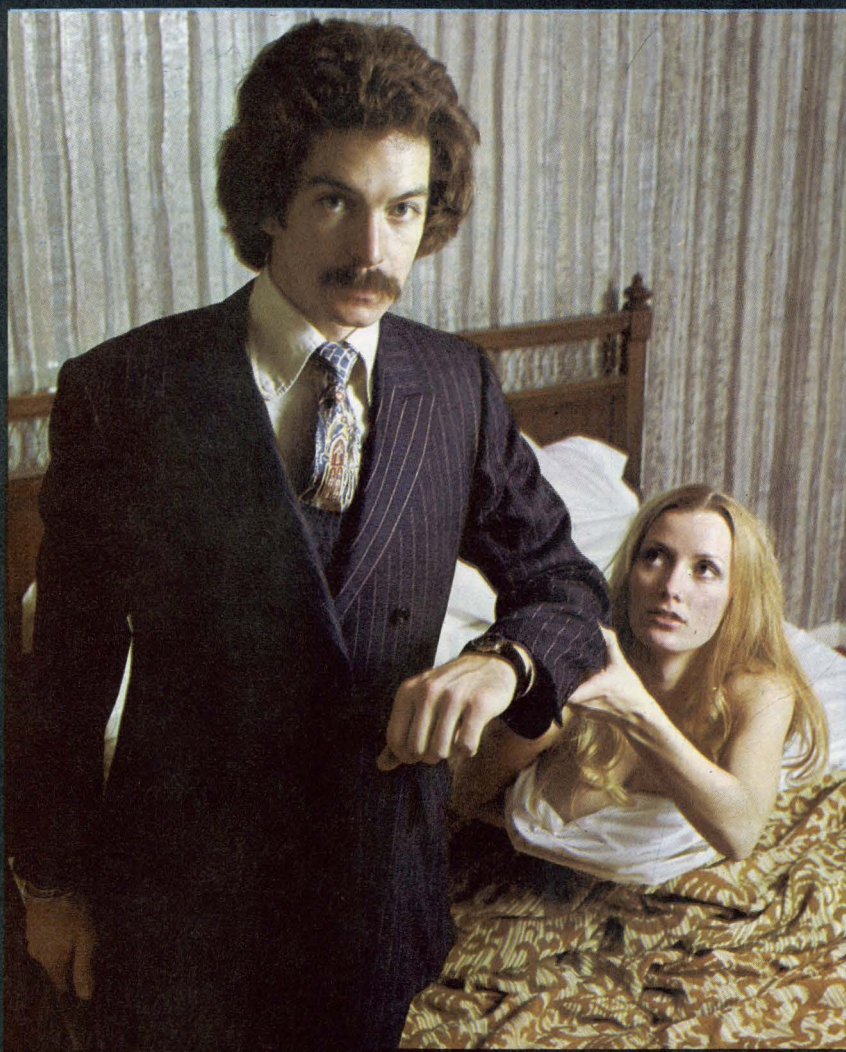
In her spare moments, Bette was busy at the New York Public Library, investigating songs to sing and learning more about the blues.

"I had a lot of things to say and I had to find vehicles to say them. I did research; I'd find words which would call up images, colors, textures, what the room sounded like, the rustle of bamboo in the wind. I would find these wonderful songs and that's the way I've been doing it for years, trying to tell the stories to fit the textures. I think I like music better than words, the range of possibilities is limitless. You can do anything you want to do."

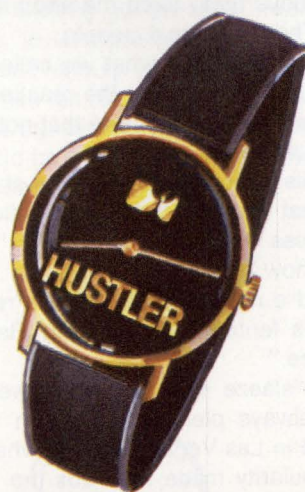
Her music is real, too. The intricacies of the arrangements, the tones of the band, the orchestrations of her voice with those of the Harlettes, all blend to form a symphony of sounds. "Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy" is one of her most famous numbers right from the '40s. Modern songs, too, make up the Midler repertoire, like the Helen Reddy ballad, "Delta Dawn." Bette did it two ways; first as a mournful country lament, then as a black soul-gospel hand-clapping inspiration.

After an unexciting and short-lived engagement in the Catskill Mountains, she returned to the "Big Apple" and found the only opening for a singer was

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in the Continental Baths; another first for the performer. The Baths are renowned for their gay clientele and luxurious facilities. The boys and men would sit around in towels and watch Bette do her torch song thing. It was one hell of a performance each night.

"I was performing at the Improvisation. That's one of those night spots that gives new talent a chance to perform, free. It's on an as-you-come basis. You sit around until it's your turn and then you do your act and hope it goes over. Sometimes, if you're good, they ask you back. Maybe an agent will see you . . . it's that sort of thing. Well, I was doing a singing routine there and Stephen Ostrow, the proprietor of the Continental Baths, came in and saw me. I guess he liked the style because he offered me \$50 a night. I needed the money and it seemed kinky, so I took it. The boys really liked me and I liked them. They were real people.

"The Tubs, that's what we called it. I liked it. I guess it was the reaction of all those towel-clad fellows that got me the first real break."

All this publicity provided the showcase that brought Bette into national awareness via Johnny Carson's "Tonight Show."

"I did a number on it and the reaction was fantastic. 'Trash with Flash,' that's me."

Her "sleaze with ease," however, didn't always please, as Carson discovered in Las Vegas. Her overwhelming popularity made the Tubs the "insiders" place to go. Carson, loving to discover new talent, applauded Bette and put her on his show at the Las Vegas Hilton. It was 1970; she sang torch songs, but without her proverbial patter. Her phenomena was well hidden. Because of her strange attire and lack of desert appeal, Carson's opening line became: "When Emmett Kelly dies, that girl is going to inherit a fabulous wardrobe." And Bette just "gave him the old stink eye."

"He asked me to open his show in Vegas for him, and I was pleased to do it because he had been very good to me. The more consistent I became, the more he warmed up to me. I liked working for him — he's a professional and to see that kind of professionalism is astonishing. He knows his audiences inside out and can give the same caliber performance every night. But Vegas was amazing . . . you have to see it once before you die. It's culture and shock; it's not my style.

"I got real good reviews, but I had lots of trouble dealing with the audience. I have to get love from an audience; when I feel warmth, then I'm warm. They just didn't know what to make of me — they didn't understand what I was. I thought they were really, really weird. I hated Vegas, but it was an experience. Now that I'm more relaxed about it, I look forward to a good time."

For her most recent appearances on the "Tonight Show," Midler brought along her female singing group, the Harlettes. Whether that is a derivation of Harlem or harlot, or both, we are not sure.

When Emmett Kelly dies, that girl is going to inherit a fabulous wardrobe.



"Actually I found them in New York. I called up all my friends who sing and I had them all down and we sang together. I wanted to pick some people that I would really get along with. So I found those three girls and they are terrific. They sing, they carry on and they (lifting an eyebrow, Bette smirked a filthy wink) . . ." On stage, Bette's routine includes: "I guess you're wondering who are those three cocktail waitresses up there with Miss M.? They're my girl singing group, the Harlettes . . . They're real sluts." And the audience roars.

Bette is still, for all her success, a unique person. She's always been liberated, so the women's lib thing never really bothered her. She's never had trouble with it. As an artist, Bette has a different position in society. She sees people as human beings and treats them as such. The "men and women" thing is clearly not her bag. The truth is that Bette Midler is a very intelligent person; she has to be. As a child — a Jewish kid in an all Oriental school — she had to use her head. A spectacled girl in her senior class, Bette was elected class president and her brain remained intact through the whole ordeal. She did and still does, however, have the craving for attention and a need to entertain people. This, coupled with her natural flair for mimicry and satire, and her voice, a very flexible instrument if there ever was one, make her a special person in a very commendable way.

"I've always been a bit unusual. I remember as a child in Hawaii, I was the only Jewish kid in a lower middle-class Eurasian neighborhood. As a result, I was always getting into arguments with the other kids. I spent a lot of time avoiding fights during the time I was in school. I discovered that the movie-house was a good place to go. It was dark, for one thing.

"I had crushes on all the matinee idols I saw and I got my lessons on 'how to be a real woman' from watching all the glamour girls. Later, when I developed the character of The Divine Miss M, I used some of this Hollywood glamour in parody of those dames. It's to be expected, I guess. My mother named me after Bette Davis, only she mispronounced it Bet.

"I wanted to be a great dramatic actress back then. I had always sung, but I never really thought of becoming a singer at first. The Theater was my great love. I got into singing eventually

because I had the idea that if I started out in musical comedy, it would open the doors to those great juicy dramatic roles. But I always liked music; just loved it. I was brought up on rock and roll, actually. Even before rock and roll came to Hawaii, I was into lots of different kinds of music. It was sort of funny because I couldn't get into science . . . or mathematics. I just cut myself off from everything else there was to get interested in."

"All I knew when I came to New York in 1965 was that the way I would get to be a great actress was to sing and dance first. Lay a foundation — get my foot in the door and then, undoubtedly, I would be offered great roles as soon as I grew up enough to handle them."

"I read plays a lot because I really loved the theater; the whole idea of the theater. Well, I thought I would sing and dance my way to fame and glory. I started out at La Mama in a play by Tom Eyen. It was a very strange little play, but it was very musical and very funny. There were a lot of people who were doing exciting things then . . . Vacarro and Charles Ludlam. Some were more outrageous than others. As a matter of fact, I got a great deal of my early inspiration from Charles Ludlam. The first thing I ever saw him do was 'Turds in Hell' which blew me away. It was the most incredible piece of theater I had ever seen. And this chick in the show was really terrific. Her name was Black-Eyed Susan. She really inspired me."

Part of what Bette owes to the Baths is her stage personality.

"The boys from the Baths were the start. They were really the beginning of my career and I'll say that from now till the day I die because they were the ones to give me the initial push. Fortunately, they loved me enough not to care where I played, and they are still the foundation of my audience. They're very loyal."

"It was the music and comedy, too. Also, I never used to talk to the audience until I got to the Baths. And honey, if you don't talk to them, that's the end. I really had to entertain there. So the more laughs I got, the more fun we had, the more money we made, the more I would be able to pay the piano player, and the happier we all were. It got to be that I was an attraction. People would come to see me."

When asked how she would define her act, she said, "It's art. Art is not


easy, you know. I just don't go out there and kill a few hours on stage. It's scrounging around inside of yourself to see if you can find the true meaning of what you're singing."

It was back when Bette wanted to be someone else that The Divine Miss M emerged into her beady-eyed, bagels and cream cheese life. Miss M has been called a self-caricature, the person Bette operates out of while onstage. More than that, however, the character is the product of a young impressionable girl's Hollywood induced dreams. Who didn't want to be Delores Del Rio or Carmen Miranda, with a hefty touch of Martha Raye and a pinch of Miss Marilyn M. (for Monroe, of course) at the same time? All the women in the mid-'20s to '30s secretly fed on the superstars and movie rerun greats such as: "Yankee Doodle Dandy," where George M. gave his regards to old Broadway; "All About Eve," which starred Bette Davis in a saga of theatrical ambition and conceit, pride and deception; plus many more greats like Bette Grable, Jean Harlow, Lana Turner, Joan Crawford, Marlene Dietrich.

This is where Bette Midler said she learned about femininity, about being a "real woman." And what Bette forgot, The Divine Miss M took care of.

Lately, however, the "Divine" title has weighed heavily on the young woman who does exist in the year 1975, not the cinema house of the '50s. For this reason, Bette said bluntly: "I had to kill her."

Midler decided: "The Divine Miss M was on the unnatural side, though she still comes out now and then when I'm in a really good mood. Miss M is both a drawback and an asset. When I started and was doing Miss M, I was hiding. I still hide to a certain degree because it's real painful to get up and expose yourself to people. It killed Janis Joplin. I have found recently that I don't have to hide anymore."

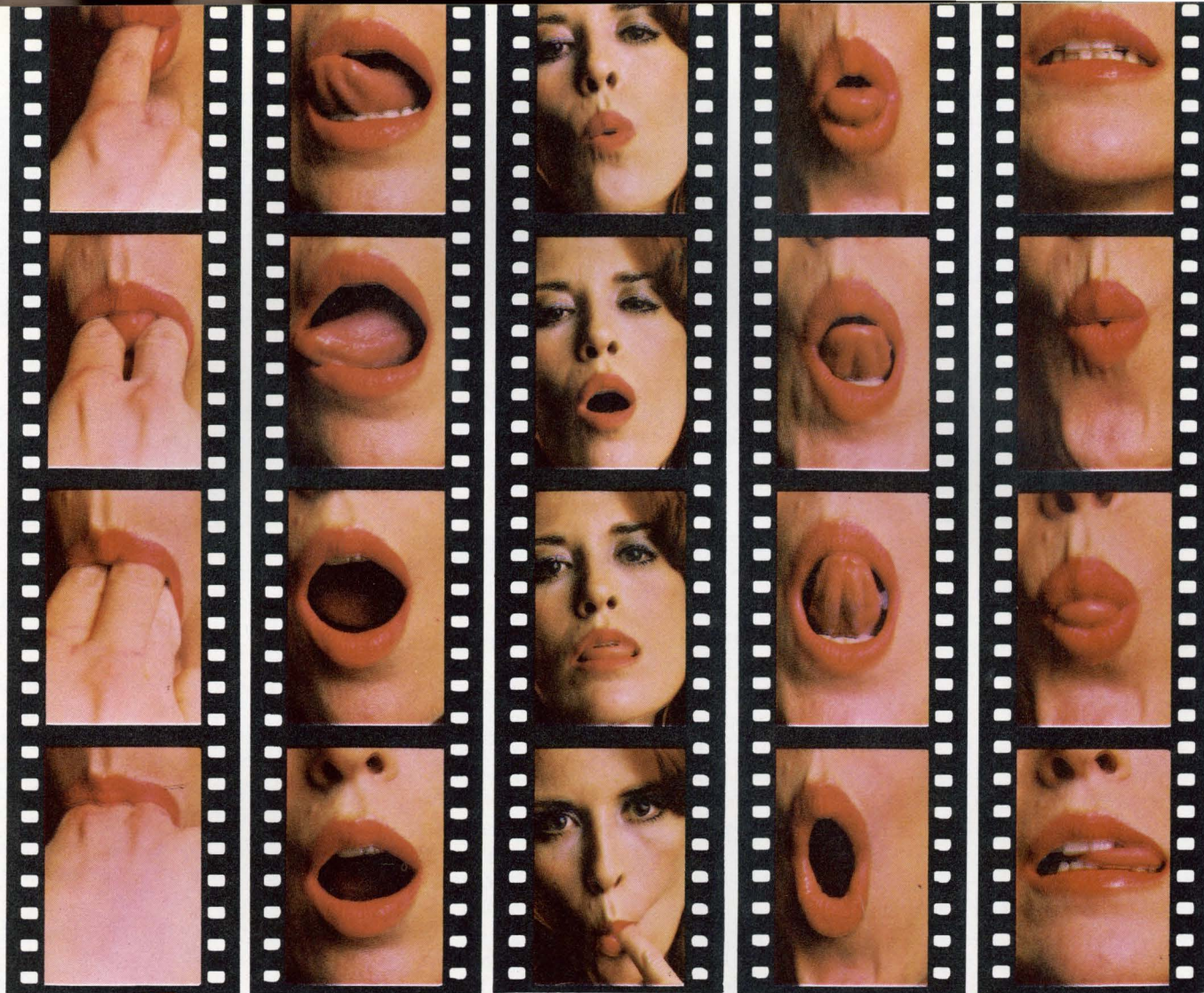
Bette Midler, who "just likes people and likes to get personal" with everyone, is terrifically entertaining. With a sexual fantasy to be "the most loved woman on earth," Midler is certainly shaking ass to fulfill her dream. This could be why she works it so hard, and soooooo good. 



"... And you'll want to see the weekend games—we're throwing Christians to the lions."



RAY CRUSE



Conversation with the Queen of fellatio

HUSTLER INTERVIEW/ Jody Maxwell

This month's interview is with the star of Jerry Damiano's new release, "Portrait." She is being billed as porn's hottest product since Linda Lovelace. Jody is not only a talented actress, but is considered to be the world's greatest cocksucker, with the ability to sing while she performs this art. I first knew that I wanted to interview Jody for HUSTLER after I witnessed her performance in Damiano's movie. I felt that anyone who could not only suck two nine-inch cocks at once, but sing a song in the process, must have a great deal to say about the art of fellatio and the subject of sex in general. I admit that being Editor and Publisher of HUSTLER allows me very little time for specific editorial assignments, especially conducting an interview that could have easily been handled by a staff member or free-lance writer, but I decided I'd be damned if I'd let anyone other than myself interview the world's greatest cocksucker.

by Larry Flynt

HUSTLER: Are you really the world's greatest cocksucker?

JODY: You'd be a better judge of that than I would. Since I don't have a cock

and have never sucked myself, I'd have to take a man's word for it.

HUSTLER: Has anyone told you that there's anyone better?

JODY: No. In fact, I've been told many times that I'm the best — and that was before my rise to stardom. I'm not trying to be too modest, but maybe I'm



coming across that way. Yes, I guess I am the world's best cocksucker.

HUSTLER: Can you actually sing while sucking a cock?

JODY: Yes, lyrics and all. I can do "Jingle Bells" and "How Much Is That Doggie In The Window?" and I can also do an entire barking routine that I picked up from the old RCA record about the singing dogs.

HUSTLER: Tell me, how does it feel to be the biggest porn star since Linda Lovelace?

JODY: It feels beautiful to me. I'm realistic about it. I'm not afraid of it and I really enjoy it. As far as Linda is concerned, I never thought she was that great anyway. And, in my opinion, Linda cannot act. I don't think Marilyn (Chambers), who now says she's better at everything than Linda, is that talented either. I do think she's a pretty girl; you know, Ivory Snow and all.

HUSTLER: What do people tell you that have also been sucked by Linda?

JODY: Everyone that we've both sucked has commented that I was much better than her. The comment that I've heard most is that when she deep throats, she never moves her tongue around, and my tongue is constantly in action.

HUSTLER: Do you think you are better at sucking cock than Linda?

JODY: I'm sure I'm more versatile and yes, I'm better. The reason I know that is that to me it's more than technique. When I'm into sucking a cock, I put my heart, mind, soul, body and head into it. My motto is, "It takes head to give head!"

HUSTLER: Damiano feels that you have a great deal of potential as an actress. How do you feel about this?

JODY: I agree with Jerry. I feel that I'm an honest actress and a legitimate actress. I have my degree in the theatre now and I have a background on the legitimate stage which can certainly be a lot harder than filming. They are totally different fields. I feel I can learn so much even though I've learned a lot already; I'm growing in the field, too. I

"When I'm into sucking a cock, I put my heart, mind, soul, body and head into it. My motto is, 'It takes head to give head!'"

have a great desire to be a success in the sense of attaining perfection.

HUSTLER: How did you happen to land the role in "Portrait?"

JODY: Damiano was speaking at a morality panel at the University of Missouri in Kansas City last winter. I had been assigned to do a story on the panel and, at the press conference afterward, it happened to come up that I was a student in the Theatre Department at the University. He found that to be interesting and it eventually led to the part.

HUSTLER: How do you feel about Damiano as a director?

JODY: I think Jerry is a beautiful director. He has a good eye for what the viewer wants and he has tremendous creative ability. I think he gets across what he wants and I try very hard to please him. I love working with him.

HUSTLER: What do you think about while you're sucking cock?

JODY: I think about the cock and the person behind it. Sometimes the fellow that I've been seeing lately tells me to go suck a cock and tell him about it later.

HUSTLER: Then you and your boyfriend are not strictly faithful to each other.

JODY: Since we live so far apart, it is not practical for either of us not to have sex. So I might suck as many cocks as I can in one week and tell him about it or he might do something with another woman and tell me about it. We use that kind of thing for our own sexual turn-on. We've taken outside experiences and made them into experiences for us. And it's worked beautifully. There have been no problems or hang-ups.

HUSTLER: Have you balled or sucked many celebrities?

JODY: Yes I have. Politicians, professional athletes, professional entertainers . . . uh, I'm trying to think if there's been any royalty in my life . . .

HUSTLER: Anyone you would care to mention?

JODY: Ask me later in the interview.

HUSTLER: Is there anybody that you haven't balled or sucked that you would like to?

JODY: Elvis Presley! I've been wanting to ball him since I was a virgin. I think he's very sensuous and I'd love to go to bed with him. I kind of feel that way about Paul Newman, too, but I'm not as crazy about him as I used to be.

HUSTLER: You seem to enjoy sucking cock more than most actresses. Why is this?

JODY: I've heard from others who were asked that question say that a truly good actress doesn't really get into the sex while she's sucking in a film because she'd lose control of herself. I feel that I make love to a cock rather than just sucking it. I have also found a mental turn-on that could get me ready very quickly for my scenes in "Portrait." If I get so turned on that I lose control of myself, like while I'm coming, then they can always edit it out, but they can also leave it in because it's beautiful — it's real! I'd rather see someone who was actually enjoying sex in a film than someone who has to simulate her emotions.

HUSTLER: Can you come while sucking a cock?

JODY: Yes I have, and is that wild! I come hard anyway, and if it's while sucking a cock, I still come hard, screaming and everything.

One time with John Parr, I really went berserk and he came all over the floor of the office we were in. He really has a beautiful cock. I mean 10½ inches long and a beautiful shape.

HUSTLER: Who is John Parr?

JODY: John Parr is a man I loved very much. I went with him for about two



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years. He's a beautiful person in every way and we're still very close friends. He owns several businesses in the Kansas City area.

HUSTLER: How old were you when you first balled?

JODY: My first sexual experience was not a pleasant one. I was attacked by two Jewish boys when I was very young.

HUSTLER: One of those boys wasn't Al Goldstein, was it?

JODY: No. You want to know my first pleasant sex, or just the first time?

HUSTLER: How old were you when you first voluntarily balled?

JODY: I believe I was around 15.

HUSTLER: How old were you when you reached your first climax?

JODY: That would be at 15, too. Oh, this guy was pretty.

HUSTLER: How old were you when you sucked your first cock?

JODY: I honestly cannot remember. Probably about 18.

HUSTLER: Did you swallow the come the first time?

JODY: Absolutely not!

HUSTLER: How much later was it before you got into swallowing it?

JODY: It's been in recent years that I started that. In fact, it was after I was married. I was really scared about it, but I picked up this non-sensational sex book by a doctor who told how really normal it was for women to swallow come and that it has vitamins in it, too.

Now if I decide I'm going to suck someone off and if his come tastes good, I'll swallow every drop.

HUSTLER: How did you feel the first time you tasted come?

JODY: I was very turned on because the first man I swallowed was also the first one to eat my pussy. I really enjoyed it. I used to suck him off three or four times a day.

HUSTLER: Was that your ex-husband?

JODY: No. As a matter of fact, my ex-husband had the only come I never really liked, and he knows it. Nothing against him, but he had bitter tasting come.

**"I have yet to find two men
whose come tastes
exactly alike."**

HUSTLER: Do you like the taste of come?

JODY: Most come, yes. I find it interesting. I have yet to find two men whose come tastes exactly alike. It's like Coca-Cola and Pepsi, or 7-Up and Sprite; there are similarities, but they're all different. It's part of a man's personality and I find it very exciting.

HUSTLER: What does it taste like?

JODY: It's very hard to describe. Come is not like anything I've ever eaten. It's in a class by itself. Some is kind of salty and some is sweet; some even has a little lemon flavor to it and some is a little too acidic tasting—you can tell if a man's had too much orange juice recently. And once I had come that I swear tasted like cigarette smoke.

HUSTLER: Do you enjoy getting your pussy eaten?

JODY: No one loves to be eaten more than I do!

HUSTLER: Have you ever been eaten by a girl?

JODY: Yes. It happened in "Portrait."

HUSTLER: Who do you feel eats pussy better, a man or a woman?

JODY: I think that women probably know more about what they're doing, but I've been more satisfied with men. I know a couple of men who I would say are superior to any woman.

HUSTLER: Are you "bi?"

JODY: No, I'm not.

HUSTLER: How do you keep yourself clean when you're involved with sex so much of the time?

JODY: I'm probably the cleanest woman who has ever been eaten. I douche and

take baths and wash my pussy constantly. I've never had anything wrong with me. And I also demand cleanliness from my sex partners. I won't suck a dirty cock.

HUSTLER: Why do most women keep their eyes closed while they're sucking cock?

JODY: Because most women are still afraid of cocks or they're embarrassed about it. They haven't been able to start thinking about the cock as the most beautiful part of a man. It's exciting and majestic. They can watch it grow and can meet a man on equal terms while sucking. It doesn't mean you're subservient if you suck cock; you can be his equal and make life beautiful for both of you.

HUSTLER: What do you like best—being eaten, fucked or sucking?

JODY: I'm a very greedy person. I like to do all three. Doing just one of them is not as enjoyable to me as getting into all three. Nobody enjoys being eaten more than I do and the same for fucking and sucking.

HUSTLER: What are some techniques that you feel make a good cocksucker?

JODY: The most important thing is to have the desire. If you don't have that, you can have all the technique in the world and not be worth a shit, because a man can masturbate with a lot of feeling, too. You have to mentally turn yourself on to cocks. Then you have to put a lot of heart and a lot of effort into it. You have to learn about pressure. Different men desire different pressure. I was lucky enough to have been taught at a young age about pressure and tongue.

HUSTLER: Have you ever had the urge to bite on a cock, either through anger or ecstasy?

JODY: No, I've never had that urge, but I saw a cock bitten one time and it was painful. The skin wasn't broken, but it left some good teeth marks. That happened when one of my girlfriends was sucking a cock on the living room floor one evening and my boyfriend

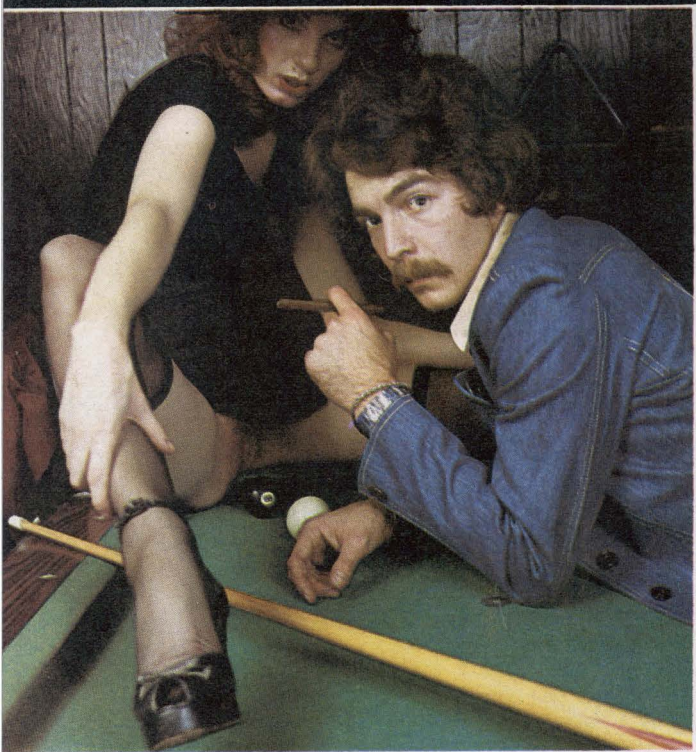
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RACK 'EM UP

HUSTLER CALLS THE SHOTS

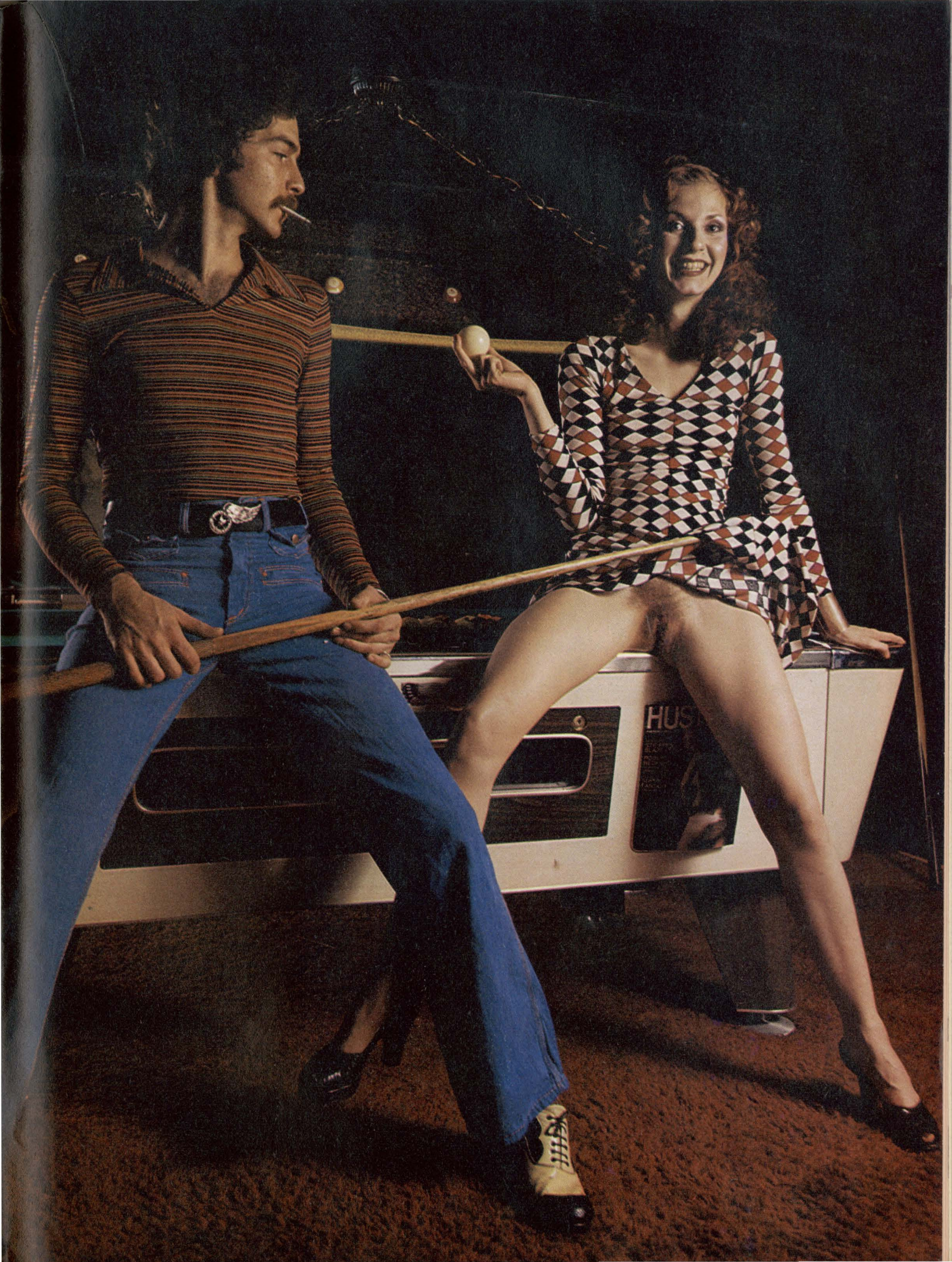
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I know our date is for tomorrow night, but this is an emergency!



KINKY KORNER

Do you have an unusual story to tell concerning personal fact or fantasy in sexual encounters at home or abroad? Write it down and submit it to HUSTLER's new "Kinky Korner," the section written by the readers for the readers. We pay \$100 for each story published of approximately 2,500 words in length.

by Candy Hopkins

I wanted to write to you about my weird sexual experiences a long time ago, but your column just opened up to people like me who lead bizarre, sometimes comical, sex lives. Believe me, if there were only more 'kinky korners' in this world, there would be space enough for us *all* to get these wild sexual adventures off our minds.

Why just last week I went to the screening of a film I'd heard about from a friend in Berkeley. There was an opening scene with the actress getting fucked in the ass by some guy laying on his back. Meanwhile she was humping herself with a long green vegetable. That's pretty far out when you think about it.

Anyway, I went to visit a friend of mine on his farm one time. I went with a few other first-class people who immediately took off their clothes and jumped into the cow's watering hole. It was a hot August, and the water felt really great.

Skinny-dipping is more fun than with

suits on. It's more natural and probably healthier, too. Makes for a more healthy sex life, I can tell you that; watching all those naked bodies running around, flopping this way and that, here and there.

Well, I didn't want to stay in the water very long. Someone told me there were snakes and turtles swimming around, so I got out wearing just my sun hat.

I went over to the picnic table and started eating an apple. There I was, minding my own business, watching everyone else swim and play, and trying to get it on with one another. Pretty soon one of my friend's horses came walking up to me to see what I was doing. Or to steal my apple. He keeps a lot of horses and they are usually loose and pretty tame, so I wasn't worried. Just surprised.

He came closer and I held out the apple, which he took. I love horses. They are so big and strong and beautiful; the way I would want to be if I were any other kind of animal than woman.

Well, this big palomino came over, ate my apple, and then wanted another one — which I didn't have. I took him by the mane and pulled him a little closer. I'm not sure what I had in mind for him at the time, but I can't say I was disappointed by what he did.

He nuzzled my hand which was empty. I didn't have anything more to give to him, so I rubbed him between his big brown eyes. He moved his nose over my knees so his head was between my legs. Like I said, I was sitting on the edge of a picnic table. Both feet were up on a bench so the horse could put his head between my legs with no problems. He moved his head further up between my legs until his nose came to a standstill between the lips of my sweet, wet pussy. It could have been that he smelled me getting turned on as he came closer. My clit was really getting hard. I could feel the wetness slide to my outer labia. I spread my legs farther apart and dropped one leg to make it easier for the horse to lick my clit, if that's what he was after.

I had an incredible orgasm. The horse's huge rough tongue licked me like I was his girlfriend. Sitting there, I experienced an abrasiveness I've never felt before. He didn't pull the hairs from my tender little cunt, or hurt me by chewing too hard.

We were only together for a little while, but I don't think I'll ever be able to forget that horse. Or any other fantastic animals I've been with since then, like Andy.

Andy is my girlfriend's poodle. I don't have a dog. Debby was going to fly from San Francisco to visit her mother in Minneapolis and I agreed to watch Andy for five days. All I had to do was let him out and let him in. Meanwhile, I listened to music and read.

The third night I was listening to some incredibly sexy jazz and reading a woman's magazine. It was a new one with pictures of beautiful men in it with their cocks hanging. I began to masturbate, taking my time. I was doing it in rhythm to the music and could feel the notes rip through my body. Drum beats. And the sex ripping me apart from the inside. It was taking me into imaginary corners of my mind I never knew before.

It was the kind of sensational experience I usually only have with strangers and in strange new places where I've never balled before. An actual adventure. A discovery. I'm best in discovery situations. I even have a friend I go out with to discover new places and ways of having sex. He's another story.

There I was. Laying naked on the sofa in the living room, getting closer and closer to having my orgasm. I was getting off on the tan lines on my body. They were really strong then because I'd been back in California for a few months. The dog started barking and scratching at the door. He wanted to come inside; I just wanted to come.

I went to the door, feeling the wetness dripping out of me and down the insides of my legs. I smelled myself in the room and on my hands. It's a delicious odor when I'm masturbating. I like it as much when there's someone else mixing into it.

Andy came inside. Usually he comes in and goes straight to Debby's bedroom to lay down for the night, but not that night. I don't know exactly why, but he jumped on the end of the couch, at my feet. He watched me as if he knew what was going on.

I was frustrated as hell; fingering my

clit, slipping a finger in and out of the lips of my cunt, feeling the juices cover the pearl and making it smoother and shinier.

Andy got up, came over to me and sniffed my cunt. He started licking me, which turned me on more than my finer fingers were doing. I got into it all in a minute. Like I said, I'm an adventuress. The dog seemed trained in this splendid activity. He was licking me directly on the clit, occasionally going deeply into the crack of my cunt. I was loving it more than I can tell you. Now I know why girls keep dogs.

I began to whine. I was finally coming. I began a series of rhythmic moves to the music and to the dog's tongue. Oh, what delicious sex we were having.

I was not satisfied even after this tremendous orgasm, so I turned over to see if Andy would lick my asshole; not many men do this well, it seems, but this little dog of Debby's was a natural. He must have gone at it for half an hour until I finally came. I could see his little red hard-on sticking out. I thought if he didn't come pretty soon, his balls would explode.

I didn't want that so I helped him up on my back. He knew what I was doing right away; he'd been in this position before. I was hot as hell. I just wanted to come and keep coming as many times as I could. The stack of records would soon be down to zero.

Andy was humping me like he hadn't been laid in weeks. It was like watching him ball a backyard bitch. He was scratching my back, bringing blood, trying to get into better position. Even though I was larger than him, he went to it like I was a bitch of the proper size.

His cock seemed to come out of nowhere and it was longer than I'd expected — about five inches long, pointed and had a lump on it right at the base.

He pushed it smoothly in and out of my asshole and my cunt. I really liked it. I really wish more men would fuck me in the ass, but they are usually so

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much bigger than Andy, and they're usually impatient. They drive into me like I'm a garage.

Finally, Andy came. I could feel his come in my asshole and on my buttocks. He hadn't been very accurate, but I didn't care. I'd come at least four times since I had started masturbating an hour ago. I was amazed with the little fellow's stamina.

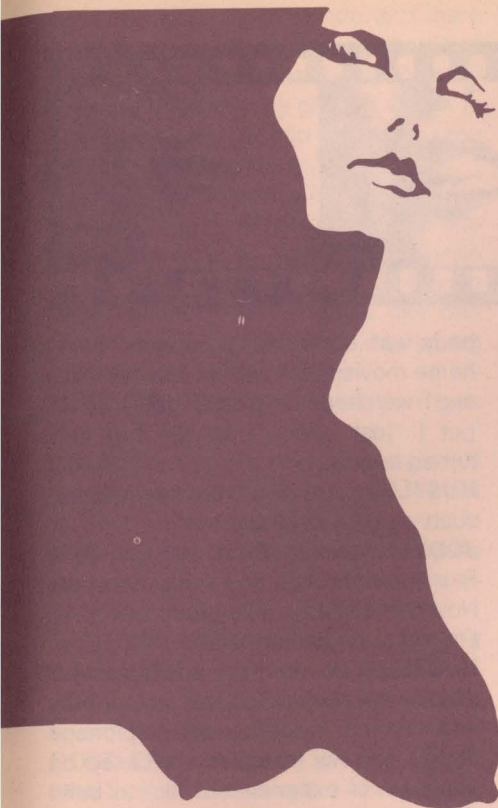
I just sat on the couch for awhile and rested. Andy sat panting in a little ball at the end of the sofa. Obviously, both of us had been satisfied. I took a shower, put my clothes on and left.

Andy and I had sex the next two days that Debby was away. It was delightful, but never as good as the first night we got it on. Both of us remembered it.

I wanted to tell you about just one more experience I've had which I think you'll think is one of the most far out pieces of perversion ever. I mean, it didn't hurt anyone. We didn't do it to shock anyone, but it gave me so much pleasure afterwards thinking about it while I masturbated, that I have to include it here.

I travel a lot. That's how I remember what things happen to me—geographically. Like the horse was in Ohio. Andy was in California. This next one happened to me in New York City, where even things like this don't happen too frequently.

There I was, sleeping at a friend's



house, when someone called and said there were a few guys in town who had the most fantastic art performance, and we had to see it. These guys weren't artists in the classical sense. Rather, they were performers who take their environments and create various erotic instruments from this part and that.

These guys were in the States from Europe. They had traveled with their show and were invited to perform at some small school upstate, but I don't remember which one. It doesn't really matter, but it adds legitimacy to the art. They ended up doing the whole thing right there in the loft of an apartment for a small audience of friends and interested strangers.

In the middle of the room was a long table covered with clear plastic sheets. The walls and the floor were covered with the same kind of protective material. On top of the table were several packages wrapped in the same paper one would receive from the meat man at the grocery store. Only these had come from a slaughterhouse.

Inside the packages were countless pounds of intestines, hearts, lungs, livers, brains and other body parts of cattle and sheep that most people don't eat. I didn't know it, but they also had a live swan tied up in a small enclosure at the far end of the apartment.

They explained to the small group that their's was an unusual sexual fan-

tasy which they found suitable for performing before live audiences. They requested that anyone who might be offended had better leave right away. No one left, of course, because this is what they had come to see: a bizarre, erotic, creative performance.

The speaker, a large man with a beard, proceeded to take his clothes off and neatly fold them over a chair. He returned to the stage area and his partners went back to sit with the audience.

He asked for a volunteer, preferably a female.

Naturally, I volunteered. I never turn down an offer I think will yield a new dimension of experience.

He asked me to please take off my clothes. He instructed me to crawl under the table and to put my head through a hole that was cut in the center of the table for just this purpose. I did so. He unwrapped the paper and was suddenly, violently throwing the intestines in all the directions of the room that were protected by the plastic. He wrapped the intestines around my neck. Blood was dripping down my face. I could smell the freshly killed animals beneath my nose. My hair was soaked with the liquid of the entrails.

Obviously he was getting charged on this whole thing. I could barely hear the sounds coming from the audience nearby because my own thoughts blocked out the other noises. I was caught up in this incredible situation. I saw that the guy directing the performance had a hard-on.

He started moving around to stand behind me, where I could not see him. His hands went into the air, and there followed a huge cloud of dust, like in an explosion. It was nothing but flour. He seemed to be making me and the body parts of all those animals ready to put into the oven. Where he got his recipe, I'll never know.

There I was, sitting naked in front of all those people and getting turned on to the idea that this fantasy was some-

thing special. There was the orchestrator with a hard-on that had more to do with his mental exercises that it did with fucking me. I started playing with myself.

He stopped raging for a moment and asked if there was something wrong. I told him I was horny. I didn't see that continuing in this fashion was going to do much to satisfy me.


That's when he brought out the swan. He told me to lay down on the table, amidst the heap of strewn and dangling leftovers. I did as I was told. I didn't know what else to do. I had to trust this man to make me climax the way he knew how. The way we had begun. Not through my own well-known, often experienced, self-centered masturbation. I could do that anywhere, anytime.



I hoped he would climb on top of me and fuck me, but instead he grabbed the swan by its neck and lifted it several feet into the air. One of his assistants brought out a long razor sharp knife. With one slash he decapitated the beautiful white bird. I was handed the head. Instructions were to insert it into my vagina.

I wasn't really opposed to doing this. I was dripping wet and so horny I would have fucked a rose bush if it had been offered to me. I closed my eyes and thought about the others who were watching this performance. I felt the hard bill of the swan at the mouth of my cunt. It would not fit the wide way. I turned it sideways and it entered me easily.

Once I had the head of the swan inside me, I turned it in such a way as to please me the most. Before long I was writhing on the table in such a passionate way that I'll never forget the orgasm I had. The table almost fell. It was sturdy, though, and it gave us no problem. I was screaming as if I'd been fucked by God, himself. It was a wonderful experience for me. I don't know if I'll ever have one that gives me so much pleasure again.

Anyway, HUSTLER, I just wanted you to know that your beaver and your tit shots aren't everything. Don't get me wrong. I really like knowing there are millions of men out there looking at them, but kinky experiences are my trip. I hope you have the balls to share this with your readers, instead of sitting in your big offices, jerking off.

Thanks a lot for letting me tell you these little secrets. 

 **Once I had the head . . .**
inside me, I turned it in such a
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me the most. 



HUSTLER INTERVIEW

continued from page 70

and I walked into the apartment. She was so surprised that her jaws closed around it.

HUSTLER: When you're sucking a man, do you like to do it for a long time or do you like for him to come right away?

JODY: Usually, I like to do it for a long time, but occasionally I like it right away. My preference, because I like to be versatile while sucking a cock, is to do it for a long time. My mouth doesn't get tired and I've been told that I have the endurance record for cocksucking.

HUSTLER: What's the biggest you ever had?

JODY: My ex-husband had 12 inches. There was also one that was so wide I took one look at it and screamed. It just scared the hell out of me. I didn't think he'd ever get that thing into me.

HUSTLER: Did he get it in?

JODY: Yeeessss! It was frightening, but I was ecstatic because I was so frightened. Lengthwise, I can't remember anybody that was longer than my ex-husband. It's possible, but I can't remember.

HUSTLER: Do you like big cocks or small ones?

JODY: I like pretty cocks, either big or small. There are some that aren't pretty. If I had to take a choice, I'd rather have it a little bigger than smaller. I don't like a two-inch dick, and I've seen some that size.

HUSTLER: What do you consider a "pretty" cock?

JODY: Each cock has its own individuality — character. It's hard to generalize, but I like a cock that has a nice gentle curve or a straight line. Right or left curve; it really doesn't matter. I also look at the heads of cocks. I think that the heads are interesting. It also has to be clean; I love a clean cock, and a very stiff cock. I like to start it out soft and get it stiff. These are just my own little quirks. Sometimes I get turned on by a little mole, maybe a little wart, or even a vein. I know one guy who has a vein that sticks out about a

"That's practically virgin territory... I lost my ass 'cherry' in the last two years."

half inch and when his cock gets hard, the thing throbs back and forth. When it was in my pussy or my mouth, I could feel that vein hitting me. I'll tell you, I loved that vein.

HUSTLER: Are you into ass-fucking?

JODY: That's practically virgin territory. I've just recently gotten into it. I lost my ass "cherry" in the last two years.

HUSTLER: I heard you lost it in the movie "Portrait."

JODY: Oh boy. I did lose it in the movie. Two men tried before Jamie Gillis, my co-star, finally got his cock into my very tight ass. I mean, it was really tight. It took Jamie about an hour to get it in. The production crew was beginning to line up to try. I don't know whether they were feeling sorry for me or if they were turned on.

HUSTLER: Have you ever been fucked from both sides at once—sandwiched?

JODY: Yes, and it was the second time I ever got it in the ass, too.

HUSTLER: Have you ever sucked a cock while being sandwiched?

JODY: No, the only other person there that day was the wife of the guy who was in my ass.

HUSTLER: When you get into the ass-fucking, do you have to psych yourself mentally to relax?

JODY: Not so much mentally as physically.

HUSTLER: Voyeurism seems to be the "in" thing today...

JODY: I love to watch. I think that a fantasy of mine is being fulfilled by the movies I've been in. One time I walked into a house to deliver some papers to some people I used to work for and they had a sex party going on. Some-

body was there with a camera, taking home movies of it. Well, I just sat there and watched. I didn't get into it, but I just really got very hot and turned on.

HUSTLER: Are you into any fetishes, such as S/M or group sex?

JODY: I was into group sex with John Parr. He's the first one I ever sang on. Now sometimes I have group sex when I'm with a particular person.

HUSTLER: Do you have any fantasies?

JODY: My fantasies are far-out. I'm into reading mysteries and espionage stories and my fantasies are based on that type of experience. I like to build plots. I told Jerry Damiano about my fantasies and he thought they were really unique. He said someone could make a whole book or movie around them.

HUSTLER: From your conversation, I get an indication that you would enjoy a mild form of S/M.

JODY: If it's not painful, I might enjoy it. This is a whole new thing to me because the fellow I've been dating taught me to take it in the ass and to get around the mild pain. Maybe I wince, but I let it keep on going until it gets beyond the pain. It really has become kind of a psychological turn-on. I've also had this fantasy for about 10 years where I'm a spy for the United States and am with this really gorgeous man, like from the Nick Carter books. We're captured and put into this little room where there's just a mattress on the floor and a window with one-way glass, and these officers come in — usually Nazis. I don't have anything against Nazis except that the Germans were about our best-looking enemy. They put me through this really strange torture thing; they say if I don't tell them what they want to know, they're going to torture me through sex. By a lot of sex or making me come a lot. It's very strange, I mean, who calls that torture? They take complete control of me; I am passive. I have to fuck because they put a cock in my mouth and these other men come in and watch. They jack-off on

my body while I masturbate and there are guys in my pussy and my mouth at the same time. Let's see somebody put that into a film; I'll be glad to star in it.

HUSTLER: Not a bad idea. Do you have any other fantasies?

JODY: Ordinarily, I prefer a real life lover. But I do have some fantasies. One of them is that I'd like to have a virgin male. Men always talk about having virgin women. Well, I would like one time to get a big, good-looking young boy who has a nice cock.

HUSTLER: What would you do if you met such a boy?

JODY: If he was a complete virgin, I'd probably ruin him for the rest of the women in the world. He'd never want to have anyone else. But first of all I would suck him and then teach him how to eat pussy.

HUSTLER: Have you ever sucked a black cock?

JODY: Yes. Somebody very famous, but I won't name him.

HUSTLER: Is what they say about black men true, or is it a myth — about their size and the way they make love?

JODY: Well, it sure wasn't small, but I've seen white men who were bigger. It was pretty! I don't know if there are small black cocks. I'll say this, though, black men are not as inclined to eat pussy as white men.

HUSTLER: How many cocks have you sucked in one day?

JODY: I can remember one time sucking five within an hour.

HUSTLER: Did they all come?

JODY: No, but one did come in my hair. That's the day when I decided to go from green crème de menthe to white. It stained the sheets, too.

HUSTLER: Is crème de menthe really as popular in giving head as we've heard

JODY: In my part of the country it is. I've been teaching people how to use it for the past several years. I hear that sales really started soaring after I began telling people about it.

HUSTLER: For some of our readers, could you tell us exactly what the

crème de menthe method is?

JODY: They call me the "Crème de Menthe Kid" in Kansas City. First you get a bottle of crème de menthe — I now prefer white after ruining so many things with green. You take a slug of it in your mouth and it feels pretty warm at first. You learn to breathe through your nose. Then you take a cock and go down on it while keeping the liqueur in your mouth. You keep sucking and working your tongue around the cock with the crème de menthe. It gives the man a tremendously warm feeling and makes him seem to be extremely large. Men just go berserk with excitement. You can repeat the treatment many times.

HUSTLER: You mentioned that different men's come tastes different. How can you tell the difference with the crème de menthe?

JODY: Well, it's sort of like a crème de menthe cocktail. You really can't taste it distinctly under those conditions. Recently, I ran out and had to use crème de cacao. It was great, too.

HUSTLER: Some women would make excellent cocksuckers if they could take their teeth out. Why do you think that some women have trouble controlling the pressure?

JODY: They just don't care or they're showing a lack of interest. They're not working at it. It's just like anything else, you have to work at it. If a woman doesn't know, she should ask the man.

HUSTLER: Do you give deep throat?

JODY: Yes I do, but I don't see where it's relevant. After all, I didn't invent deep throat. That's Linda's technique. But I like to think that I put more into it than she does. She just puts it down her throat, from what I've heard.



**"HUSTLER: Have you ever
sucked a black cock?
JODY: Yes, Somebody very
famous..."**

HUSTLER: In the January issue of HUSTLER, we interviewed Chuck Traynor. From some sample surveys we've taken, we've found that interview to be more widely read by women than any other we've had. Now as you know, Traynor is Linda Lovelace's ex-husband and is now managing Marilyn Chambers. Apparently all of this interest from women is that they would like to learn more about deep throat, if not just about cocksucking in general. What suggestions do you have for women who would like to be better cocksuckers?

JODY: First of all, I'd suggest they find someone other than Chuck Traynor to teach them. Nothing against him, but all he seems to be teaching is deep throat. He's kind of in a rut. I would suggest a woman go to another woman or go to some of these books, like the one by Dr. Eric Fromm, and see what they have to say. Talk to other women about it because you can learn more psychologically. One of my married friends, who not at first, now genuinely loves to suck cock because she and I talked about it and she respected my views as another woman.

HUSTLER: Do you think a homosexual would be a better person to teach a woman about sucking cock?

JODY: To tell the truth, yes, because a faggot is so enthusiastic. If they'd be willing to share their knowledge with a woman, I think that'd be great.

HUSTLER: Do you find that some guys don't want to come in your mouth?

JODY: Yes, several of them.

HUSTLER: Has there ever been a time when you wanted a man to come in your mouth, but he wouldn't do it?

JODY: Yes, I can think of two or three occasions when that has happened.

HUSTLER: Does that bother you?

JODY: No... no, I just get over it. When I let a man come in my mouth I feel I'm giving him something very special. If I give a guy this opportunity and he doesn't take it, I may be disappointed, but it's his loss.





HUSTLER: How did you learn to sing while sucking a cock?

JODY: It was with John Parr.

HUSTLER: John Parr must be quite a guy.

JODY: He's got one of the prettiest cocks in the whole damned country. Well, we were happy but I thought our sex life needed a little new versatility, so I planned to try it the next time we were making love. As a surprise, I just started singing "Jingle Bells."

It came out beautifully. And John really was enjoying it; he almost came. You might say it started my career.

HUSTLER: Have you ever had any unusual experiences while sucking a cock?

JODY: Several. But what I'm into right now is to call my friends, like Al Goldstein, long distance and sing to him over the telephone while I'm sucking a big juicy cock. It really turns me on. Also, I sucked two cocks together in my personal life before I did "Portrait." That's why Jerry let me direct the scene in the movie because he said it had never been successfully done. That was fun and I really enjoyed it. Both of the cocks the first time were wider than the ones in "Portrait," including John Parr and his 10½ inches.

HUSTLER: Did sucking two cocks present any problems?

JODY: Not really, since I had already done it. But Jerry made me get them both hard before I put them into my mouth. Before, I'd put them in soft and get them hard while I was sucking. But no real problem, I'm flexible. And my mouth is not overly large, in case you hadn't noticed. It's just a normal size. Now I'm trying to figure out how I can get three cocks into my mouth. I've been challenged to do that and when I work it out I'll let HUSTLER be the first to know.

Another thing about me and cock-sucking is that I can do anything that has been written or said about it, or it can't be done. I think I will write a consumer report on cocksucking.

HUSTLER: What was your most em-

"I kept on sucking through this vomit, and chunks of stuff went all over him."

barrassing situation while sucking cock?

JODY: The most embarrassing situation was also the most embarrassing moment of my entire life. I had the flu and wasn't aware that that's what was wrong with me. And Parr, who I was going with at the time, was in a very depressed mood and he wanted me to suck on his cock. I knew my stomach was upset, but I went ahead and started sucking on him. I started feeling worse and worse, but he was so turned on that I just kept sucking. There's no way I was going to stop because I thought I'd probably be alright. Then, all of a sudden, boom! I started vomiting like you wouldn't believe. I mean the raunchy kind of honest-to-God sick vomit; and I kept on sucking because he had his eyes shut and was getting ready to come. I kept on sucking through this vomit and chunks of stuff went all over him; it was horrible. He started coming and I was taking his come in my mouth and vomiting at the same time. I never took his cock out of my mouth. I thought I was going to drown in come and vomit. He was all come out and I was totally vomited out at that moment. Needless to say, that's one time I didn't have an orgasm while sucking. You can add that to HUSTLER's rules: Don't ever suck cock on an upset stomach!

HUSTLER: What are some of your ambitions now that you've made a successful movie?

JODY: To make more successful movies of all kinds. I'd like to make some more X-rated movies. I can see where I could go further that way. I truly enjoy it; I get really turned on. I'd also like to do some very serious legitimate films; possibly some television or some dra-

matic work and comedy. I'd also like to keep doing stage work occasionally. I'd like to try out being a sportscaster, believe it or not, for professional football. That is a super desire of mine.

HUSTLER: Other than "Portrait," what are some of your other movies?

JODY: I just finished a movie for Mammoth Films — that's Al Goldstein and Jim Buckley; "Screw on the Screen" is the title. It's a comedy and a very funny movie at that.

HUSTLER: Al Goldstein says he never sucked a cock, but sometimes I wonder, because at a party we held for him here in Columbus, he kept looking at the guys as much as he did the girls. Do you think he ever has?

JODY: Maybe he was doing a gonorrhea check. You know how he's always doing statistics. Seriously, I think I read somewhere that he sucked Jim Buckley, or was it the other way around...

HUSTLER: Have you had any offers for legitimate movies?

JODY: I recently made "Bucktown," which is a movie with Freddie Williamson and it's R-rated. I've also made a couple others including a science fiction movie. Recently I've been asked to read a script for a television movie. I don't know whether I'll get the part, but the fact that I was asked is definitely a step in the right direction.

HUSTLER: Have you done any commercials?

JODY: I've done some commercial work. One thing that should be more familiar to people is that I was "Miss Buick" in Kansas City a few years back.

HUSTLER: Do you think that having been prominent in porn movies would possibly affect General Motors' decision to have you do other commercials?

JODY: Well, the way car sales are going, they could use me. I'd be an asset rather than a liability.

HUSTLER: Why did you decide to perform in a pornographic movie?

JODY: The idea originally occurred to me when I met Jerry Damiano. I had never given it a thought up to that time. When this opportunity arose, I just felt

that there is a time in everybody's life when you have to take a chance in making an important decision. Up to that point, I had been in a rut as far as my career was concerned. I had little or no social life and was making very little money. Then I decided to take the chance and even if it didn't work out, I'd know that I had lived — had done something outside of the ordinary.

HUSTLER: What are your sexual goals?

JODY: I feel that I'm still growing, sexually. I'd hate to think that I'd come to a dead end. The most recent advancement is that my current boyfriend is teaching me to be more aggressive than I used to be. He's a very sensual person and he commands me to do some of these things, like ramming a cock in my mouth — I would never allow that before. I'm very obedient to him and this is a whole new experience for me. He's made me come to the realization that there's nothing I can't do in regard to sex.

HUSTLER: Kind of like bondage and discipline?

JODY: Not really. Like I've never been tied up or anything like that.

HUSTLER: Give us a little on your background. I understand you're better educated than most of today's porn stars.

JODY: Well, I do have my degree in theatre from the University of Missouri in Kansas City and also an associate degree in liberal arts and social science.

HUSTLER: What kind of family do you come from?

JODY: I come from a well educated family with a background of lawyers. Geniuses, actually.

HUSTLER: How did your family feel about your doing "Portrait?"

JODY: I talked to my father about it before I signed the contract. He gave me his full approval. He told me to be true to myself and if I felt like it was what I wanted, then don't hesitate.

HUSTLER: What kind of work does your father do?

JODY: He's an attorney; a prosecutor in Jackson County, Missouri.

HUSTLER: Has he seen the movie?

JODY: Not yet. He wanted to attend the premiere in Philadelphia, but he was attending an important meeting at the time.

HUSTLER: Some sex experts say that one's background has a great deal to do with one's attitude toward sex. How do you feel about this?

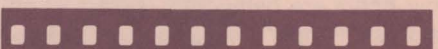
JODY: I definitely agree. I feel that people who come from a more educated or white-collar background are usually more versatile and have fewer hang-ups about sex. They can really enjoy it more. There was always a great deal of affection around my family and to me it was a logical thing to kiss and touch a person. People who come from families where sex is taught to be dirty and evil can still get into it, but it's a whole different thing.

HUSTLER: How do you feel about being one of the judges in the "World's Greatest Lover" contest?

JODY: I'm delighted and excited. I've been telling everybody about it. I'm looking forward to it, but I may kidnap the winner!

HUSTLER: Tell me, Jody. A lot of other porn stars have either published books or are in the process. Since you are a writer, too, have you ever thought about writing a book like "The Art of Fellatio" or "How to be a Better Cocksucker?"

JODY: I've thought about it quite a bit lately and do plan to write one. It'll be on cocksucking and I know it'll be a better book than the one by Chuck Traynor. In the first place, I'm a woman and am doing the sucking. Another thing I want to do is make a record on singing and sucking: "Jody's Fucking, Sucking Sing-Along," or something like that.



"I'd like to be the only judge of a contest to determine the world's best pussy-eater."

HUSTLER: How many different songs can you sing while sucking cock?

JODY: I usually just talk about four or five, but actually I've sung innumerable songs that I've never said anything about — some of it is pretty heavy.

HUSTLER: We hear you're a member of the Mile High Club. What exactly is that?

JODY: That's when you've fucked and/or sucked while at least a mile up in an airplane. I did it in a Cessna 210 and I'll tell you, that was one of the greatest moments in my life.

HUSTLER: Have you ever done it on a commercial airline?

JODY: No, but I know people who have and it makes me mad that I haven't. I thought seriously about it while coming here for the interview, but I couldn't figure out how to go about it.

HUSTLER: I'm sure someone would have accommodated you.

JODY: One day I'll do it, I guarantee. Every other sexual thing I've said I'd do, I've done or will do.

HUSTLER: With all of this fucking in your personal life and the porno movies, what type of birth control do you practice?

JODY: I take birth control pills. I don't like rubbers.


HUSTLER: When you meet a man you would like to have sex with, do you undress him in your mind and try to imagine what kind of cock he has?

JODY: The one time I tried that — once with a football player for the St. Louis Cardinals — I wound up being terribly disappointed. I don't do it now, but I think I'm an exception because all of my girlfriends do it.

HUSTLER: If you could have any turn-on right now, what would it be?

JODY: I'd like to be the only judge of a contest to determine the world's best pussy-eater. I'd have them all eat my pussy and then decide who was the best. Another fantasy I have is that I'd like to go through my past life and get all my favorite cocks together and fuck and suck them all at the same time.





HUSTLER: How many cocks would you estimate you've sucked?

JODY: I don't keep track. Quite a few, but not as many as you'd imagine because that's kind of a reward for a guy from me. There was one politician who absolutely would not let me suck his cock. And one night, the governor of one of these beautiful United States tried to rip my dress off of me. He said he wanted me, then chased me through the hotel where we were at the time.

HUSTLER: Do you have any strong view on politics?

JODY: I've been politically inclined over the years. I ran for Committeewoman once and served on the State Executive Board. I also attended a party leadership training school in Washington, D.C., and was guest in the White House.

HUSTLER: How do you feel about Watergate?

HUSTLER: I don't even like to think or talk about Watergate.

HUSTLER: Have you balled many politicians?

JODY: The saying is true that politics and sex don't make good bedfellows. However, I did go to bed with a Congressman from Tennessee and he was very interested in me for a while.

HUSTLER: You mentioned that you had been to bed with several famous entertainers and politicians. Would you care to list a few of them now?

JODY: There are some that I'm not going to mention because I don't want it printed. There were several football and baseball stars, and once I had a chance to go to bed with a U.S. President.

HUSTLER: Which one?

JODY: I'm not going into that, either. It's been a few years ago. One of the football players you would know, however, was Jim Otis.

HUSTLER: How do you feel about the hypocritical lives politicians lead?

JODY: I think that unions play an important part in making politicians lead hypocritical lives through the pressure put on them. Big business is the same, but politicians almost have to be that way and it's very sad. I wish we could

"... politics and sex don't make good bedfellows. However, I did go to bed with a Congressman from Tennessee."

have some honest people in politics.

HUSTLER: How do you feel about the recent obscenity laws?

JODY: I think they're stupid. I come from a legal background and I think it's ridiculous. For instance, I'll try to reconstruct something that happened back in Kansas City. "Deep Throat" was playing — the unexpurgated copy — and it was busted. A young lawyer prosecuting it said that the reason they busted it was not necessarily because of its content — there were worse hardcore movies being shown — but because so many people were starting to attend it. There were lines in front of the theatre. And what's so contradictory is that they bring up community standards. These people obviously wanted to see "Deep Throat." I don't want a judge or jury of 12 people telling me what I can or cannot see. You know, my rights are being suppressed as an actress. People always think of theatres as being restricted, but what about actors and actresses? Don't we have the right to act in the kind of film we want to? Jamie Gillis and Tina Russell both got busted for being in a movie. So did Georgina Spelvin.

HUSTLER: What astrological sign are you?

JODY: I'm a Scorpio... a true Scorpio.

HUSTLER: Do you believe in astrology as it applies to sex?

JODY: When it applies to me and when I like what it says, I do. You know what a Scorpio's position is? It's "69." I really believe that Scorpio is the sex sign of the zodiac.

HUSTLER: You know, I'm a Scorpio, too.

JODY: Why Mr. Flynt, what are you suggesting?

HUSTLER: I think maybe we should have a little demonstration. I feel that would help me more effectively conclude this interview. What do you say we take a break?

JODY: Why not!

(LATER)

HUSTLER: Now *that* was really good! You indicated in the beginning that you wanted this to be an honest interview. Do you feel that we've succeeded?

JODY: Yes, I do. My policy is never to lie. If I don't want to answer a question, I just don't answer it rather than to make something up.

HUSTLER: Do you feel that the interview has dealt too much with cock-sucking in regards to the importance it has in your life?

JODY: My life is not wrapped around sex. Lately it's taken a more important place with all of the filming and so forth, but I've always kept sex in perspective. I am a three-dimensional person, but I imagine HUSTLER is more interested in my sexual life, so I'm content to interview mainly about sex.

For instance, I'm a gourmet cook; I've worked very hard with social and civic groups; I used to be on the speakers bureau for the National Safety Council; and I'm president of the local chapter of the most prestigious professional national speech alumni for women in the country. Cloris Leachman and Mrs. Spencer Tracy are "sisters" of mine from the alumni. I want people to take me seriously because there's more to me than fucking, sucking and being eaten.


HUSTLER: Then this interview has been honest?

JODY: Yes. I'm on record as being a straight shooter and will continue to do so.

HUSTLER: Okay, then answer this: Who eats pussy better, Al Goldstein or...

JODY: Why, you, of course — the Hustler!

HUSTLER: Thank you.

JODY: Al, I still love you anyway! 

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PUTTING THE S-E-X BACK IN SEX

by Brandon R. Blackman IV

If we windowshop on Fifth Avenue in New York City, or any other city for that matter, reflections and irregularities may distort and discolor what we see on the other side of the glass. If we focus our sights on an object through a convex lens it will appear to be upside down. But if we position a concave lens in front of our convex lens, we will correct the distortion, as any photography student knows, and things will suddenly become relatively clear.

All of us regard the world through our own glass walls put there by individual upbringing, disposition and other factors. Hence, while we may gaze at the same things, inevitably we will have different views from different angles, or not have any view at all. Collectively, however, we do look

through a common window—the common window of the respective society — which itself distorts and discolors.

In an article, entitled “Taking Advantage of the Cosmic Energy Flow,” which appeared in the *Osteopathic Physician*, I expounded upon the fact that leading men in our history — Napoleon Bonaparte, Mark Twain, Martin Luther King Jr. and Abe Lincoln — stumbled upon and harnessed for everyday use, the little talked about cosmic energy flow by entering the astral plane and bridging the gap between one’s earthly body and one’s ethereal self. We will analyze here something even less discussed — how cosmic energy can greatly enhance the sexual side of our lives.

Have you ever observed a man or woman experiencing an instant chem-

ical reaction to a member of the opposite sex? This is characterized by a warm flash and an uncontrollable erection, or sudden lubrication in the case of the female. If this takes place in public, an embarrassed attitude follows with an uncomfortable feeling prevailing. Many people permit this disposition into their bedrooms. As a result, they achieve little more excitement.

This generation is popularly, but not kindly, called the "permissive generation" by those same proper people who carry the repressive manners of Victorian England to bed. This is not to suggest, though, that those with so-called "sexual freedom" enjoy it much more. No! It simply means they have more of it. We enjoy group sex, "open marriages," male and female homosexuality, bisexuality, and transexuality. Yet, there are more people complaining publicly (read the "letters to the editor" section in any one of the popular men's or women's magazines, especially HUSTLER'S on pg. 8) about the "unsatisfying" sexual encounters and "shallow" love relationships. Then there are those who, in spite of all this permissiveness, cry ignorance of anything beyond animal instinct.

Contrary to what most sex education seems to stress, sex is not at all used to produce babies. It is for the enjoyment of the senses, for emotional catharsis, for physical and mental release, for giving and receiving pleasure, for the sharing of physical and emotional experience, for esthetic and esoteric communication, for lightening the burdens of the day and the forgetting of tomorrow. There is nothing like knowledge and the never ending flow of imaginative and creative use of that knowledge to enrich our lives and help us understand ourselves at a profound level.

This, then, is the function of physico/mental sexual congress on the astral plateau; the inclusion, as stated before, of the etheric self, which is in turn connected to the life-giving cosmic energy. This energy is funneled through to the physical body and serves to heighten the awareness of the senses in accordance with one's degree of emotion, which is an entirely natural function.

Let us consider first, how we happen to discover ourselves in this sexually vapid, jejune state which dictates that our natural means of

This is characterized by a warm flash and an uncontrollable erection, or sudden lubrication in the case of the female.

delight be suppressed and other unnatural ones furnished by those proclaiming themselves dictators of our most private merriment.

This state referred to is largely one of ignorance and fear, each overlapping the other. Even today, as the following demonstrates, it is commonly reflected in the inquiries directed to nearly one dozen New York marriage counselors.

There is still some belief that urine is included with ejaculation or that male secretion of mucus felt before or during erection is urinal leakage. This is the cause of much displeasure. Then there are those who mistake these secretions for premature ejaculation.

The list goes on and on and pertains mostly to women, such as the Victorian manner in which "some very feminine women suppress their desire to give an outward sign of joy or move actively in their acts." It should be included, however, that American men can be blamed for false prejudices as there are large numbers who flatly object to a woman's desire to take an active role in sexual congress; worse is if they try to assume the "male" position. "Especially since the women's lib thing," says one marriage counselor, "some men take these desires as arising from a woman's ambition to put man under her control."

If one reaches deeply and without prejudice into our Judeo-Christian heritage there would be the discovery that there has been great misunderstanding. It is not that, as some believe, the mainstream of Judaism — of which Christianity is, after all, an offshoot — is fundamentally opposed to sexuality, but of the sexual excesses of the ruling classes.

The Old Testament testifies to a rather permissive attitude toward sexuality, as a matter of fact. There was, only at certain times, a fanatically ascetic undercurrent which permeated the major religions of the times — Jewish, Islamic, Buddhist and Christian — condemning all forms of sensuality and viewing the pursuit of sexual pleasure as the prime enemy of spirituality.

There was justification, too, as the exploits of the aristocrats appeared to threaten the Church. Later, as conditions worsened, there were imprisonments and heavy fines "for unlawful carnal knowledge." These last four words were abbreviated for clandestine communication until the first letter of each word, tossed about on the bumpy avenue of our history, lost most of its meaning to be used in its present-day context.

Such drastic measures in the Western world had little physical effect except when an "offender" was caught. In the East, however, Hinduism and Buddhism had been much more realistic, especially psychologically. There was, and still is, the belief that a person can ultimately overcome the coarse "illusionary world of the physical senses" only by embracing and exercising one's desires without reservation as long as there were no infringements on another's rights. To state it more lucidly; without such mechanisms of repression as legal condemnation for acquiring and expressing what was labeled unlawful carnal knowledge, the setting up of artificial taboos, scare tactics and other avoidance teachings.

After the choosing of Barabbas over Jesus and Jesus' subsequent execution, his followers departed from Jewish tradition and, being influenced by other cultures and beliefs, caused an entirely new situation to evolve. The anti-feminism of the Apostle Paul and other early church leaders who presumably suffered guilt complexes and never tired of exhorting their followers against the temptations of the flesh, are examples of this.

One of the misdeeds, if you recall, is the customary covering of women's heads in churches since they were subservient to men.

And so from here, the anti-sexual and anti-female traditions developed and climbed to a bloody climax of reaction formations with the witch (female) hunts. By this point in time,

the female was looked upon as the temptress. "Man was not created for woman, but woman for man . . ." (1: Cor., 11:9-10.) But it was she who succumbed to the lure of the senses, after being coerced by the Serpent in the Garden Of Eden, eating of the forbidden fruit, then offering it to the man.

Back in 312 A.D., Constantine invaded Rome, encouraged by a vision of the cross against the sun. After gaining victory in the ancient civil war, Constantine then became Emperor and established Christianity as the official religion of the State. Christianity began to spread across the then known world, together with the Roman civilization. The young religion had actually raised the position of woman, a nonsustainable situation, as this might lead to equality of the sexes. St. Paul urged women to "... learn in silence with all submission . . ." (1 Timothy, 2:12) because "... Adam was formed first, then Eve." (1 Timothy, 2:14). And since she had sinned first, she would be saved by child-bearing. This idea coupled with the concepts of other cultures and religions (i.e. Hinduism and Buddhism) led Christianity to adopt a series of sexual no-nos.

The decline of the Roman civilization, however, is a well known story and the ensuing Dark Ages served as fertile soil for the dissemination of ignorance spread by another morally inept and power-hungry clergy. As a result, we still have with us today anti-sexual attitudes as the basis of many of our social institutions and legislation. Interference in the population's bedroom affairs and all forms of sexual censorship are remnants of a society in which the state and church were inexorably bound: A situation which the very founder of Christianity himself had cautioned against.

This Church/State unity violates the basis of democracy and is the greatest threat to the intercourse of man and woman which results in sexual frustrations and leads to social upheavals.

One may find within the most stable marriages a secret yearning for happier sex. Fantasies become an outlet for release. Witness the popular porno movies where one would readily pay \$6 to enter the cinema but cringe at the thought of going to the legitimate theatre for the same box office charge. Open marriages,

No sooner had he been out of his physical body when he 'was filled with this great desire for sexual fulfillment.'

though, are rapidly closing as our own individual insecurities rear their ugly heads when wives (or husbands) seem to enjoy another openly. Lastly, there are the "educational sex" movies, designed for home use, which induce masturbation. These are also viewed as a threat by some.

It is indeed surprising to discover, at this stage of our human evolution, marriage counselors and psychologists having to frequently remind husbands of the importance of foreplay and how to bring the muscles surrounding the sexual organs into action for major stimulation and heightened ecstasy.

There are two sets of muscles, for example, within female anatomy which voluntarily participate in the act of congress. One of these pelvic muscles called the musculus constrictor cunni, surrounds the vaginal opening and is connected to another annular muscle, the musculus sphincter ani, to form a figure eight. When these muscles contract, they strongly stimulate the penis in the vagina, which, in turn, stimulates the vaginal walls.

Slightly higher up, near the bladder, lies the horseshoe-shaped musculus levator ani. This muscle embraces the vagina from inside the pelvic bone and attaches to the musculus levator vagina to extend to the rear walls of the vagina and rectum.

As these muscles stretch along the most sensitive parts of the vagina,

THE PHILOSOPHER

You must become something more than "mere man" on pain of becoming otherwise something less.

A. E. TAYLOR

skillful twitching and contracting them during congress not only stimulates the entire penis and arouses the male to ecstatic heights, but also enhances the female's own excitement.

Far too many people are oblivious to the fact that it is very simple to exercise these muscles to a tight and nursing usefulness. They are the same muscles we feel tightening when urination calls. In the male, it's the corpus cavernosum urethrae. And it has the added advantage of, besides adding to female stimulation, helping to control premature ejaculation.

Here are the easiest and fastest ways for strengthening these muscles. For the male it would be to try to lift the entire reproductive organ right into the body, hold for a count of ten, then release. Repeat several times during the day until one becomes adept at short, sharp twitches, which make the whole penile area jump. The female, on the other hand, can begin in the morning by parting the thighs during urination and halting and releasing its flow. This can be practiced at various times during the day.

Another area of complaint is the great need for a more than just physical excitement between partners, but with that physical excitement, an indescribably spiritual one (tapping cosmic energy from the astral) as well. I am reminded of that businessman from Virginia, Mr. Robert Monroe.

On May 7, 1958, Mr. Monroe relates from his notes an event which proved to be a significant breakthrough in his experiments of altered states of consciousness and out-of-body phenomena. It was late that night in May and, although he was tired, he remained mentally calm. This was a time early in his out-of-body experiments, so when he laid down to sleep and the urge to "lift out" came, he fought it only to be overcome by the vibrational urge. No sooner had he been out of his physical body when he "was filled with this great desire for sexual fulfillment." He saw the physical form of his wife in bed and so approached her.

The fact that there was such an intense sexual desire in this altered state of the mind was awe-inspiring in itself, but the major discovery, as Monroe put it, was that he "didn't know (he) had such strong undercurrents of desire." Monroe went on to explain that the sexual action-reaction

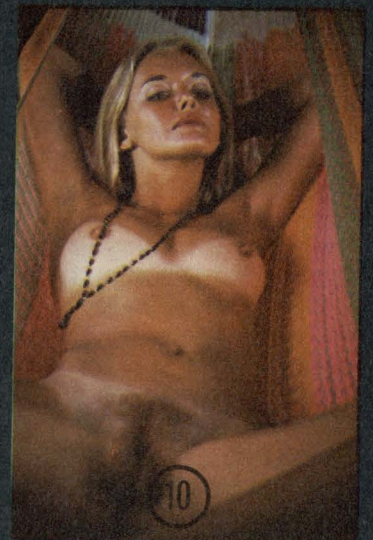
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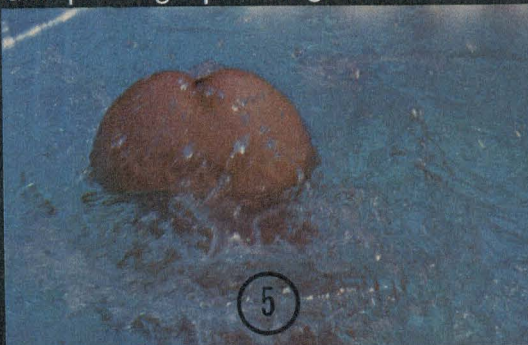
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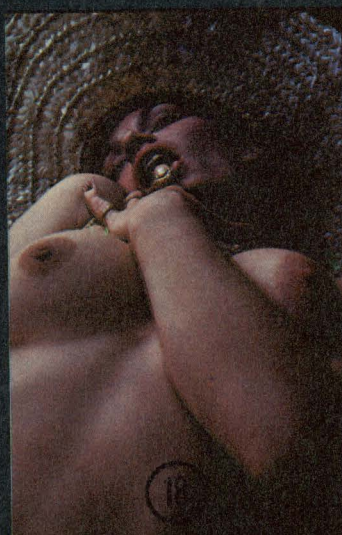
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in the physical "seems but a pale imitation or a feeble attempt to duplicate a very intimate 'second state' form (the astral form) of communication and communion," which is not really the kind of sexuality we are used to.

The closest possible analogy to sex in the "second state" is to assume that the opposite charged poles of electrostatics could "feel." As the unlike ends approach each other and become more aware of one another, they would "need" to get together. This need increases progressively with nearness and becomes so strong, there is no barrier that can restrain it. At a particular point, this need for togetherness is compelling; very close, it is all-encompassing. Beyond that point, this "together need" exerts such emotional force that the two

opposites sear into and envelop one another until, in one burst, there is a soul-shaking interflow of electrons, one to the other, becoming equal; then peacefulness, contentment, and balance is restored and each is revitalized in the serenity of separation.

Approximately one week after meeting the woman who would later become my wife, I would appear, in the late morning hours, to be in a state between sleep and wakefulness. By this time, Gerri would be in her office. I would feel myself spin off into a realm of ecstasy, feeling and almost seeing Gerri in bed with me. It was only after our marriage that she confessed to having directed such erotic thoughts at me.

Sexual dream fantasies, you say, caused by some early sexual repression? This might be the Freudian

answer, and also the easy way out — the mislabeling to avoid facing uncharted possibilities.

The sex drive, being such a strong emotion, can in itself be a catalyst to the vibrational condition which is the doorway to greater sexual fulfillment in an altered state of consciousness.

At one time I outlined a plan for the exteriorization of the astral self into the "second state" or astral plane but, admittedly, I have found Mr. Monroe's vibrational condition most effective.

To recap this plan: The "count process" for relaxation is always the first step to this condition, that is, counting backwards from one hundred, fifty or any figure you predetermine. The idea is to relax mentally and physically and dismiss any sense of time urgency. Any impatience can lead to disappointment.

You are ready to establish your vibrational waves which bridge the physical and the astral after the point of total relaxation. Begin to breathe deeply (from the diaphragm) and through your nose as you close your eyes. The atmosphere should be free from disturbances with lights low. Concentrate on the blackness in front of your closed eyelids and visualize your wife's or lover's image about a foot from your forehead. Now, move that point of concentration to three feet away, then six feet. Hold for a while to keep the point firmly established. From there, turn the image (with your eyes) 90 degrees upward to somewhere behind your head. Mentally reach for the vibrations you should start to feel and establish a unity between brain, diaphragm and pelvis.

Here are some observations. In all the esoteric literature of the occult underground, there is little or no mention of the fact that these induced vibrations are felt under meditation and, in spite of suppressive attempts by the meditator, provide a libidinal flow of sexual excitement. With the label of "evil" long pinned to the subject of sex, the underground probably ignores it as something grossly "material." Perhaps this serves our purpose. Zen masters talk about the vibrations that accompany their breathing exercises which trigger sexual impulses from the pituitary and thyroid glands. Deep breathing through the nose from the diaphragm

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What we are espousing here is a controlled discipline which can be beautiful and most productive when mind, body and spirit are in harmony. Naturally, this demands exclusive energies.

First of all, sex after dinner is a no-no. The blood is needed to be free to roam other than near the digestive system. Cigarettes and alcohol are out, too. Alcohol sets fire to the imagination but douses the libido, which is most frustrating. This coupled with cigarettes and the breath can become foul.

This is an experiment I engaged half a dozen married couples in as a precoital exercise. They were instructed to relax and attain the "interested detachment" vibrational state and hold it as they sat across from each other. This took place in the meeting room of the New York School of Occult Arts and Sciences. The setting, however, was arranged to be in harmony with the beauty and sensitivity of the exercise itself. The room was draped with well-blended colors, comfortable and soothing furnishings. There was a faint aroma of sandalwood, soft music and dim lights.

The vibrating rhythms (libidinal forces) were pulled from the pelvic centers up the spine, into the solar plexus, then to the brain. Each looked at his, or her, partner, drawing the image into the brain to join their own. Mentally they reached under the other's clothes and caressed not just specific parts of the anatomy, but the entire whole; all the time recalling the natural scents of one's partner, listening to that partner's breathing and reliving sensual intonations from as far back as one's childhood. Concentrating on a particular point, they eventually reached for each other.

Emotions were wild and were expressed audibly and tearfully, but the major accomplishments were: 1) the unknown and previously unfelt eroticism which was "dredged up" from the subconscious levels, and 2) the complete and effortless control of actions of each nerve and muscle of the body, plus total attunement each partner had with the other within the respective couples. "Somehow, I knew exactly what she wanted me to do and when," one husband confessed. He was agreed with totally by the others.

Rhythmic breathing and induced vibrations have been a major part of Robert Monroe's out-of-body experiments and he has shown that these vibrations set a precedent to greater sexual fulfillment with renewed vitality. But these are not the only steps necessary for a new mental attitude and sexual balance which will satisfy both partners. An important consideration is one's diet.

Consider, for a moment, that without a healthy diet relaxation may not be easy and the vibrational state may never be attained. Some items in the normal, "healthy" American diet such as pizza, sugared soft drinks and some cereals, weaken sexual potency in the long run because they clog up one's system without giving required and expected sustenance. Most foods introduced to us via the television commercial make the mind apathetic and the body toxic. Hence, a diet rich in iodine, phosphorus and other potent minerals is favored over one which creates acidity, since acids work against potency.


Figures from the U.S. Bureau of Vital Statistics show that usually middle-aged men and women, who are noticeably overweight, have the biggest sexual problems. It would be recommended that a simple vegetarian diet for a while, supplemented with fish, could not only rejuvenate vitality, but help remove a pound a day.

In advanced societies like the United States, emotional isolation and the deadening of the senses by suppression contributes not only to an unhappy sexual life, but sociomental contact with fellow humans takes the shape of the knife, the fist or the gun. One needs only to examine daily newspaper headlines to verify this fact. Perhaps such sexual frustration and nervous violence keep societies

primed for war and, thus, serve a political purpose. Perhaps if there was more balanced sexual freedom, there would be a decrease in hostilities that need expression, even to the extent that international military interests could be greatly lessened.

"All of nature is part of the sex process," says Yogi Bithaldas. "Yet, we try to make something evil out of that which is divine."

So it all boils down to two principles which should be followed in order to achieve a happy and fruitful sex life. First, "Abandon all inhibitions ye who enter into marriage," and second, "Know thyself," for all you are or ever hope to be is decided by previous influences. It should be remembered, too, that sex is nature manifested. "The heat comes," says Yogi Bithaldas, "and when this is vaporized, the rain falls . . . into the hungry womb of the earth. The rainfall makes Mother Earth pregnant with vegetation and flowers."

This is the key to our existence — heat, rain and fertility. "The universal attraction that Newton found in the stars," says the late Japanese nutritionist and philosopher, Georges Ohsawa, ". . . sexuality is the primordial order of the universe. Without it, life simply cannot exist. And love is the flowering of that sexuality. To love is to live." Because nature intended sex and life to be compatible, one flows from the other. 

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The Telephone Club

continued from page 46

So I called up the relay center.

"Good evening, Dolores," said the mediator. "Did you want any particular code?"

"General," I said. I really wasn't sure what I wanted.

"One moment," said the mediator.

In about thirty seconds the mediator came back on the line.

"You'll be speaking to John 2-4-3-9-1. I'm ringing now."

After a few rings, a man said hello.

"Is this John?" I asked.

"Yes it is," said the man.

"John 2-4-3-9-1?"

"At your service. What can I do for you?"

"You can get me excited," I said.

There was a long, long pause on the other end of the line. I was sure I had made a mistake of some sort; that I had blown my first phone call. I had said the wrong thing, or gotten the wrong number, or made the wrong approach. But then John 2-4-3-9-1 came back on the line. He spoke in a very soft voice.

"Do you have your panties on?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Remove them, please."

A galvanic jolt instantly electrified my body. It was as if the trigger I had been searching for had just been pressed. I did as he instructed, so quickly that I surprised myself.

"Are they off?"

"Yes," I murmured. "Yes . . . They're off . . ."

Oh sweet delicious God! How anything so simple could so quickly and fully arouse a woman I'll never know. A ripple of sensations tingled through my body. My legs swung open and my pelvis rose in slippery anticipation. My right hand dropped down to slide in my dildo.

"While you're doing that," said John 2-4-3-9-1, "I'm going to tell you about my special massage, the one I give with my main piece. I start on your face, running it across your forehead, then I touch your eyelids, then . . ."

The rest of the description is unnecessary. It's sufficient to say that John 2-4-3-9-1 ran his main piece over everything, giving extra attention to my bursting nipples. By the time he got his main piece down with my fingers I

could hold off no longer. I could actually feel it there and it detonated me into a shattering explosion. My entire "ammo dump" blew up.

"Dynamite," said John.

"You've been an enormous help," I said. "Really good." And we hung up.

My tensions were gone and for the first time that day I felt totally relaxed. It had been a remarkably efficient experience. I had come off much better than I ever could have by myself, and yet I did not have to contend with any of the complicating factors which usually make men more trouble than they're worth.

The savings in time alone was tremendous. Usually when I require the attention of a man, it means tying up an entire evening. The so-called redeeming significance phase generally lasts three to four hours, during which I am forced to sit through a movie or a mediocre meal. Then I have to endure the conversion interval, a thirty to forty-five minute charade in which the man convinces himself he has swung my desire his way. And following the conjunctive encounter, I must wait out the transi-

tional phase-down; the period of time needed by the man to comfortably say good-bye.

This extravagant expenditure of time might conceivably be justified if the conjunctive encounter were truly gratifying. But more often than not it is handled so clumsily that I'm lucky to come off at all.

Don't misunderstand. The men in my life have not been insensitive sexual misfits. It is more a matter of over consideration for the joint endeavor. Attempting to create mutual bliss, my partners—as well as myself—have succeeded mainly in advancing individual disappointment.

The Telephone Club eliminates that problem. You might say that members of the Telephone Club are selfish, self-centered people and, if so, you are right. They know that they themselves are most capable of handling the levers to pleasure and, in that, they find their common bond. But they also know that the most masterful mechanic sometimes needs a program or some outside influence to inspire a new masterwork. That is why they joined together. Mem-

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bers of the club can count on one another to provide assistance or guidance whenever necessary.

Like most new members to the Telephone Club, I made heavy use of my membership during my first three months. Rarely did a day pass that I refrained from contacting the relay center. And on many days I called more than once.

Sometimes, for example, I would fall asleep after my usual call in the evening only to wake up about 3 a.m. with a new desire for service. Obtaining satisfaction, I would drop back to sleep. Come morning, I would again feel a need to exercise my membership.

I also, of course, received many calls, usually from men with an urgent need to be energized. Within a very short period of time I became, like my fellow members, very proficient at handling these calls.

I found that almost all members of the club, whether men or women, were like myself in that they had very vivid imaginations. With most of the calls, therefore, I found that I could accomplish more by doing less. I would sketch a word picture in the barest outline, and my listener would fill in the details to his own satisfaction.

I might say, for example, "I'm using my finger on you," and then do nothing

more than hum until the man would erupt and say, "That was wonderful, Dolores."

Or I might say, "I'm so hot I'm dripping all over your nose," then make little appreciative noises. Nothing more would be required except my follow-up line which was, "Your nose is . . . fantastic."

One line that almost always produced amazing results was, "I want . . . I want you to do it on my face."

Occasionally I would be in an exotic mood, and then I would tell my caller outrageous lies. One time, for instance, I said I was lying next to my dog. The man I was talking to seemed genuinely shocked. "You're not . . . you're not . . ." he sputtered. "Yes . . ." I whispered, "yes I am . . ." Another time I said I was squirting myself full of solution with a rubber tube. Another time I said my landlord was punishing me for failing to pay my rent on time; I sobbed and wailed into the phone until my caller foamed over. I must have been good because when I was done he asked, "Are you alright?"

I can't tell you all the calls I received, or all the calls I made. When making calls, I almost always asked for general service. I like the excitement of the unexpected, and general service almost always delivers something new and different. Sometimes, however, I wanted something specific.

One night I was intrigued by the thought of making love with another woman, so I called up the relay center and asked for Code 88-W. In no time at all, Ann 5-1-9-0-2 was doing delicious things to me with her tongue. She kissed me and nibbled me and by the time she was done I was so excited that I did it all back to her.

Another night I felt extremely guilty about shirking some of my office duties and knew I needed to be chastised. I asked for Code 53-H and got Fritz 8-0-4-0-1, a humiliation specialist. Fritz immediately discovered I was a secretary and subjected me to the most embarrassing experience of my life.

Right there in my office, he made me crawl on top of my desk on all fours. I had to pull my skirt up around my waist and then peel down my panties and pantyhose until they were bunched around my knees. Then he made me reach behind with both hands and spread myself apart. Ordering me to remain in this position, he yelled for the whole floor to come over, "Dolores

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has something to show you." Everyone — Mr. Plutona, my co-workers, the janitor, everyone—paraded through my office and laughed. Then he made me roll over and do it in front of everybody.

About six months after joining the club, I made the connection that changed my life. It began with a routine call to the relay center for general service.

"You'll be speaking with Paul 0-1-4-9-3," said the mediator.

When Paul came on the line and I identified myself as Dolores 3-5-9-6-8, his first words were, "I was hoping you'd call tonight. I've been thinking about you all day."

"Yes . . ." was all I could say. I had never spoken to Paul 0-1-4-9-3 before in my life.

"I'm ready, too," he said.

"Yes . . ." I replied.

And then, without further words, we began. We started off slowly, and never once did we talk. We simply *breathed* in the phone. It was truly an extraordinary experience. After some ten minutes, our gasps joined together in a symphonic crescendo and we exploded in tandem.

And then we laid there, saying nothing, but feeling a presence as we regained composure.

"Tomorrow?" said Paul.

"Yes . . ." I breathed.


Tomorrow came, and another tomorrow, and another, and each time we needed nothing more than the electricity between us to drive us to the towers of ecstasy. And it continued that way, each call better than the last. Rarely did we say anything, and when we did it was only a word or two. So perfectly fused were our spirits that we needed no words. We seemed to sense each other out, to feel each other's souls, to project in silence with perfect clarity.

After one particularly explosive exchange we laid there in blissful repose, communing at a subsonic hum, and I knew what he was going to say before he actually uttered the words.

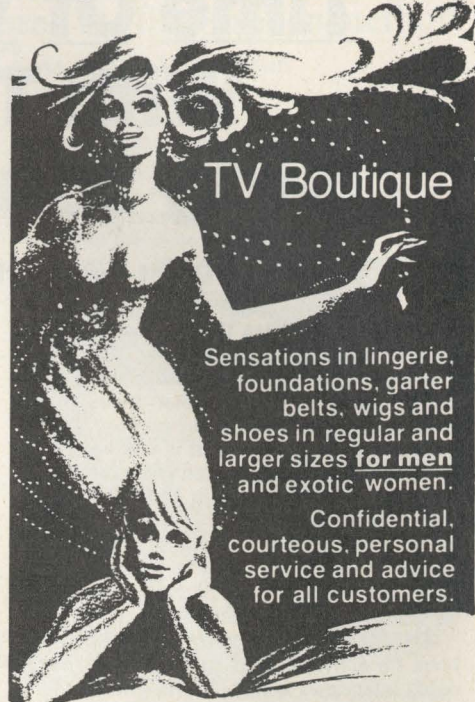
"Will you marry me?" he asked.

"Yes . . ." I murmured. "Oh yes . . ."

We had a traditional wedding ceremony. Most of the members of the Telephone Club sent their greetings and wished us well through the club newsletter, although none of them actually knows who we are. Paul and I honeymooned for a week in the Virgin Islands, then set up house in a small cottage in the country.

A phone intercom connects our bedrooms, of course, and Paul still calls me up at night. Or I call him. And it is just like it was before we got married, except that we seem to talk more now. 

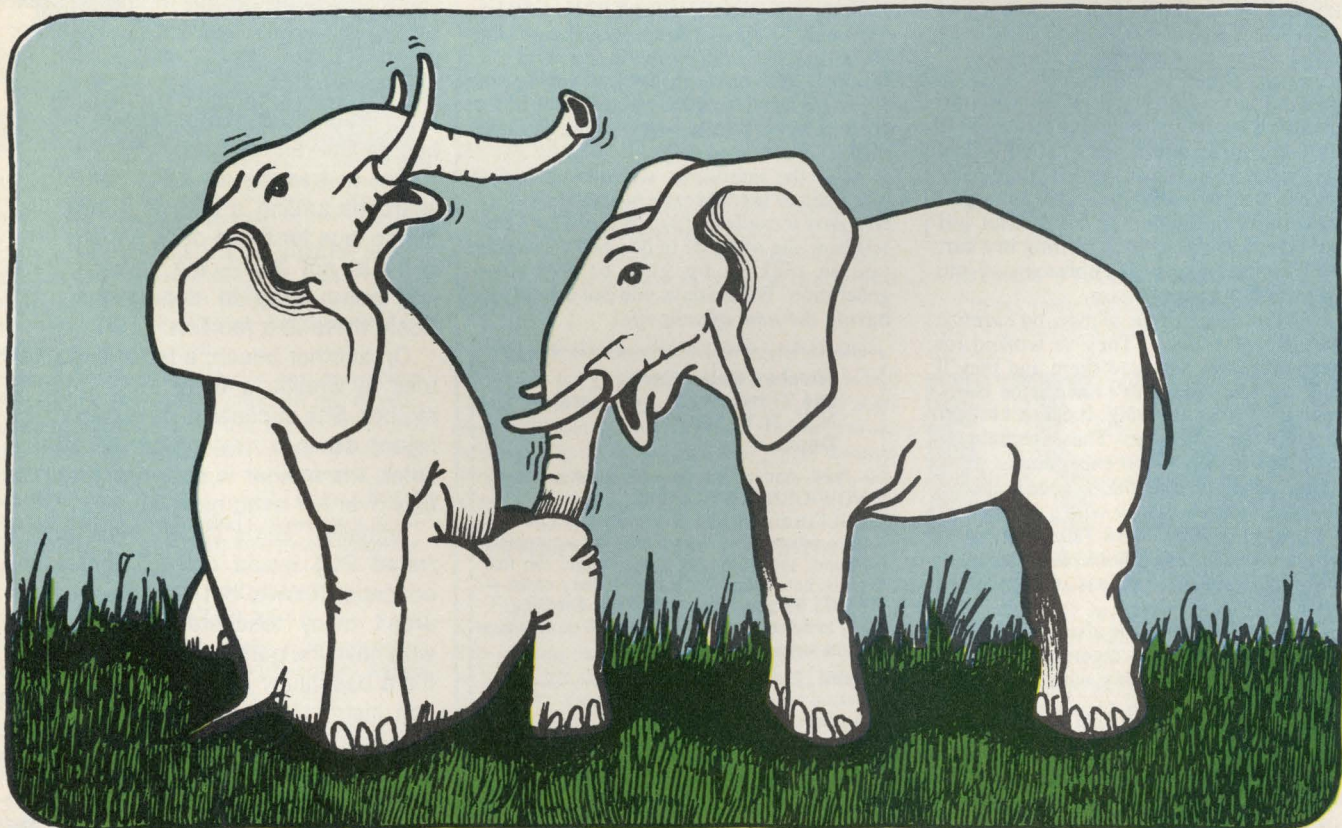
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Included is a whole section on *surefire approach techniques*. They've worked for every man who has used them and they'll work for you. You don't have to be good-looking, or rich, or young. It doesn't matter if you're the shy type. These techniques work for *all men* — no exceptions.

One gentleman (middle-aged) always dreamed about *making-it* with a sexy girl of the now-generation. Now (after putting to use the material in this book) he dates more girls in a *month* than he has in the past 15 years.

Another gentleman (he always had a hard time meeting girls) is meeting dozens of beautiful girls doing only what he learned from this book.

Remember — I GUARANTEE RESULTS. If you don't meet and *date* at least one beautiful girl within 10 days of receiving this book, just sent it back and I'll rush you a complete refund.



THE NOW-GENERATION GIRLS costs only \$5.95 — a damn good investment if you really like sexy girls. In fact, if you're seriously *fed up* with always seeing the other guys get the girls . . . sending in the coupon would be the wisest move you ever made.

After the interviews were completed it was plain to see that *most men don't realize how easy it really can be*. Find out for yourself how the material in this book can help you in picking up girls of the now-generation. Within days you can actually be having the *time of your life*!

Mirobar Sales Corp.
964 Third Ave. HU-575
N.Y. N.Y. 10022
Dept.

Yes . . . count me in. Send me THE NOW-GENERATION GIRLS.

If I'm dissatisfied in any way, all I have to do is return it within a month for a complete refund, including my 10c postage. On that basis, here is my check — or money-order — for \$5.95 plus 55c postage and handling.

I understand that my copy will be sent in a plain wrapper.

Name _____

Address _____

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State _____ Zip _____

HUSTLER PORN REVIEW

continued from page 24

The male weaver bird of Africa spends weeks patiently weaving a nest of leaves and rushes. The builders of those love nests which are most attractive to the females are honored with a few seconds of in-flight intercourse. Then the ladies settle down in the nests to lay eggs and the fellows start building all over again.

In some ways, snails seem to have the best deal. Every snail is bisexual, having a penis and a vagina in its neck. When snails mate, each penetrates and is penetrated by the partner. It's all a sticky mess that looks wonderful.


The film shows a bison couple copulating and in due time, a baby is born. It must get up and walk along with the mother within a short period of time or else the herd will leave it to the merciless prairie. There are suspenseful minutes while the youngster struggles to balance on its unsteady legs.

Chimpanzees, the animal closest in development to humans, are a loving, caring, physically demonstrative group. When a baby chimp is nervous or frightened, an adult touches or caresses its genitals to soothe it. When mother and father chimpanzee are having intercourse, an interested youngster hops on the mother's back, chattering. With tolerant resignation, the father brushes the little one away. Soon, the parents are at it again, but baby returns. Ah well, family life always has its little annoyances.

On a beach, a baby flamingo searches among a thousand adult flamingo legs for those of its parents. The baby is not lost — the parents have just gone away to search for food. Soon, there is a reunion.

On another beach, a female sea lion tries to wrestle a baby away from its mother. She succeeds, then throws the infant down a crevice in the rocks. Later, the mother is shown crying pitifully over her dead baby's body.

Actually, "Birds Do It, Bees Do It" (rated PG) would make a great sex education movie, but we'll wager there aren't many teachers in the country who have the guts to show it to the kids. It's a beautifully done film, not to mention instructive, and HUSTLER recommends it.

To our knowledge, Walt Disney never made a porno nature film. If he had, he couldn't have done better than this. 

HOW I MADE A MILLION AT THE TRACK

The true story of Jimmy Davis, gambling pro who discovered the first proven method for winning at the track—INVESTMENT WAGERING As told to Ken Martin

My interview revealed a fascinating—and highly successful individual. Jimmy D's story gives inspiration to millions!

Until 12 years ago I was one of the country's biggest Welsh gypsy "high rollers." I won big, lost big, went from rags to riches bet after bet. Then I discovered a method so fantastic, my winnings speak for themselves. Since I began investment wagering I've won an average one-half million dollars each year for the last 12 years at the track. What's more... it's so simple, I could teach investment wagering to you—in a short time!

Back in the old days, I had a ball! Loud clothes, flashy jewelry, gorgeous gals. What a life! I played every racetrack you could name. And I knew them all; the big stars, famous gamblers, names that still set your ears on fire! One thing about us high rollers—you could always trust another to come through when the chips were down. And believe me... when you gamble high and lose—you're really broke.



"Jimmy (King of the Hill) Davis, a colorful character from Atlanta who has become a millionaire through supremely judicious and intelligent wagering, was back at Miami race tracks last week." The Miami News May 14, 1974

So it was inevitable. I got tired of always being days away from my next loan. Win or lose. I had a family to support. My kids got older, needed more. Those high roller days started losing their spell.

But 12 years ago—lucky for me—things dramatically changed! I combined my 40 years racing experience and the secrets the pros leaked out, with the smarts of an old college friend. Our two brains... his computer... a couple of years testing... and I knew I had it. The method of betting that's made me a multi-millionaire. The one I call investment wagering.

FANTASTIC WINNINGS YEAR AFTER YEAR

For the past 10 years I've averaged \$450,000—\$600,000 a year by investment wagering. Just look at some of my winnings:

- In Gulfstream, during the last year of the twin doubles, I won the International Twin Double Handicap Championship by hitting 9 twin doubles in 23 days, for a grand total of \$387,000.*

- At the Kentucky Derby I won \$212,000 on a single race (Northern Dancer).*

- On March 31, 1973 I won at Aqueduct with Passen Mood (\$55 to win) in the fourth. With investment wagering this winner practically hit me between the eyes—it was that obvious.*

- On Feb. 9, 1973 at Santa Anita with Silver Salute paying \$127 to win, \$25 to place and \$10.60 to show, I got \$1855 on a \$5 exacto (the favorite, Fleet Trader paid \$0.00 to win, \$3.20 place, \$1.60 show).*

WHAT IS INVESTMENT WAGERING?

The first proven method that works at the track... any track, any time. You're actually investing your money like a financial manager. Only the profits are greater. And your money can be safer than in stocks. What's more, you bet what you want... earn as much as you need... week in, week out. What you make depends on how much you can bet. (This is a progressive method—based on best bets. But the best bets I mean are MY bets, not somebody else's.) I have two main methods... for two kinds of action.

#1 FOR LIFETIME INCOME

That's for guys like me—retired or ready to retire (whether you're 25 or 65) who want to make a living at the track. You get a constant 36% profit on your betting investment... every week. Plus lots of action—7 horses every 2 days. And it's simple!

In fact, the beauty of this system is its simplicity. A good friend of mine said, "Sure it works for you, but an amateur would lose his shirt." So I sent this man's brother to Gulfstream last winter—with \$5,000 and my method. He'd never bet on a horse in his life. He left Miami with \$9,300—a profit of 86%. You get my point?

But #1 is no giveaway method. You have to spend some time—getting it down pat. Believe me—it's worth the time. From then on you'll need 1 minute a race to make whatever you want.

#2 FOR SAFE, STEADY EARNINGS

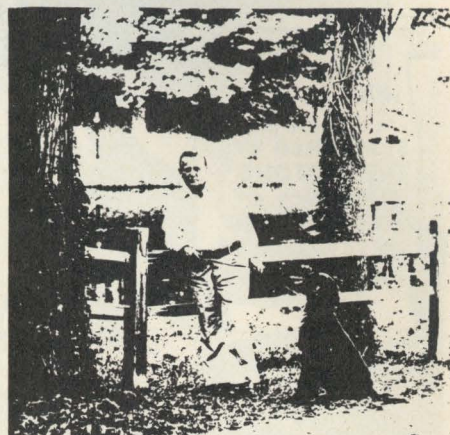
That's for guys who want even more safety—and a bit less action. It's for "saturday warriors"... out for a good time, and no chance of losing. If #2 is your choice, you're assured 36% return on your money... every week you play.

INVESTMENT WAGERING'S YOUR ONE SURE BET!

I've seen too many guys lose their shirts on systems they thought would win. That's why I'm offering my investment wagering to you—to show up all those other so-called "winning systems." You can prove my methods are winners—before you bet a cent!

I'll take you by the hand (like a newborn babe) and show you—step by step—how to use both methods. Play them on paper for a week or two—check them out before you make a bet. You must average 36% return. Or else, return my methods and I'll refund your money in full.

I'm confident you'll be convinced right away. Like me, you'll quickly discover how to use investment wagering to live a happy, successful life—just like we both deserve. I've created a paradise on earth for myself. You could do the same!



Jimmy D. relaxes with "Sadie" at his magnificent estate in Georgia.

Jimmy D has recently published his 2 successful investment wagering methods. Furthermore, Jimmy D backs his methods with an unconditional-no risk guarantee to all readers.

UNCONDITIONAL ONE-YEAR GUARANTEE

Investment Wagering Method #1 and Method #2 must bring you an average return of 36%. Otherwise, return the two methods within the next year for a full, unconditional refund. No questions asked.

My tax returns prove that all statements concerning my income from investment wagering are true.

James W. Davis

James W. Davis

HERE'S WHAT AN EXPERT SAYS:

"In my forty years, I have never met a finer man nor found a better betting method. It's the best!"



JOHN KERNEY: Ex-editor Turf Magazine, Police Gazette, professional handicapper, racehorse owner and consultant.

HOW TO ORDER

My publishers think I'm crazy to make this offer. Normally my Methods sell for \$12.95. But if you order right now you can have both my methods for only \$9.95. YOU SAVE \$3.00. I'd like to help all you hard-working people during today's tight money times. But I made a deal with my publishers that YOUR REPLY MUST BE POSTMARKED BEFORE 21 DAYS AFTER THIS PUBLICATION'S DATE. To order send your name and address with a check or money order for \$9.95 to: Bost Enterprises, Inc., Dept. , 380 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017.

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HONEY HOOKER



AVAST AND AHoy!
HA! HA! HA! HA! I'VE
SHIPPED FOR SIX AGAIN!
HERE'S MY BONUS! TAKE IT!
TAKE IT ALL YOU LOVELY
BITCHES! HA! HA!

CHIEF HOOLIGAN!
GEE, IT'S GREAT TO
SEE YOU. WHAT'S
YOUR PLEASURE?

THE TRAN-
QUILITY OF
HONEY'S WHORE
HOUSE IS
SHATTERED BY
THE RIOTOUS
ENTRANCE OF
MASTER CHIEF
PETTY OFFICER
HOOLIGAN-
U.S.N.

JIM McQUADE



SOMETHING
DEVINE HONEY-
LOVE... I'VE BEEN
THINKING... HOW
I'VE CUSSED AND
LOVED THE NAVY
ALL THESE YEARS...

BUT I'VE NEVER
REALLY LOVED
HER... IF YOU
FOLLOW...

...AND...
THAT'S IT!
CAN YOU
ARRANGE
IT?



SURE! EASY!
BUT IT'LL TAKE
A LITTLE
WHILE...



I'LL GET THE
GIRLS READY.
MEANWHILE DANIELLE
CAN GET IT UP FOR
YOU...

OUI! I FEEX
YOU... MON
MARIN D'VROGNE!

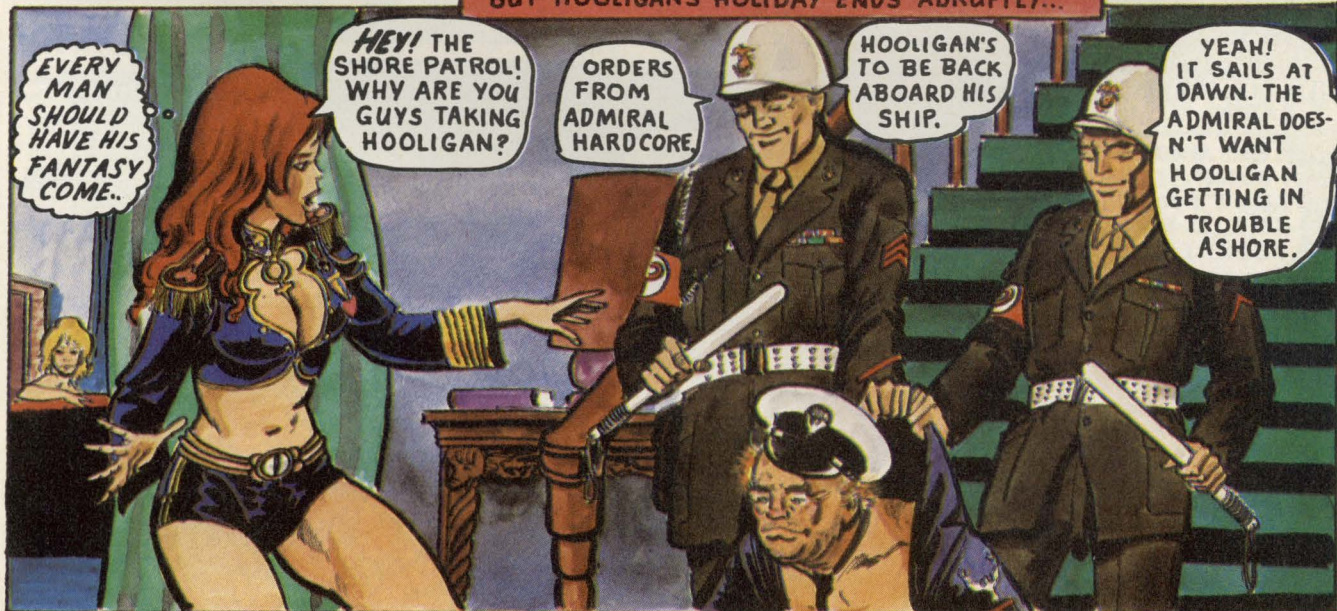
A SHORT TIME LATER.

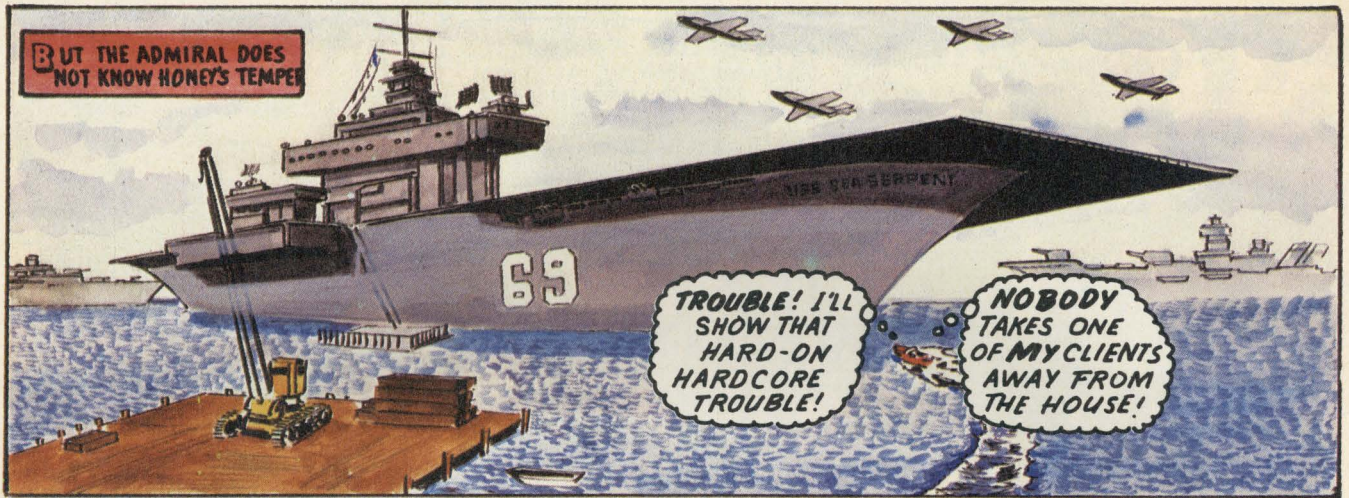


ALL SHIPSHAPE,
SQUARED AWAY
AND READY FOR
INSERTION,
HOOLIGAN!



BUT HOOLIGAN'S HOLIDAY ENDS ABRUPTLY...







ME?!
DAMMIT!
I'M NOT A
SAILOR! I'M
AN ADMIRAL!
A VICE
ADMIRAL!

VICE, HUH?
I *KNEW* WE
HAD SOME-
THING IN
COMMON.
I LIKE YOU
... SAILOR!



20 MINUTES LATER...

HONEY...
PLEASE... I'VE
GOT A FLEET
TO RUN!

THE BOATS WILL TAKE
CARE OF THEMSELVES.
RELAX... HAVE A DRINK.
... YOU'RE SO STIFF...
OR SOON WILL BE.



THE NIGHT PASSES
AND THE ADMIRAL
PROVES THAT HE IS
VERY STIFF INDEED...

AGAIN?... OH... AH
OHHHH... WOW!
I'VE BEEN
TORPEDOED!



MMMMM.
OH... IT... IT
FELT LIKE
A TIDAL
WAVE!

CHRIST!
I'M READY
FOR THE
DRYDOCK.



HONEY... I'LL
DO ANYTHING
YOU WISH...
EVEN ALLOW
THAT SAVAGE,
HOOLIGAN,
AMUCK ASHORE.

THANKS.
BUT HE MIGHT
HAVE A LONG
SWIM. THIS
BOAT'S BEEN
MOVING FOR
QUITE AWHILE!



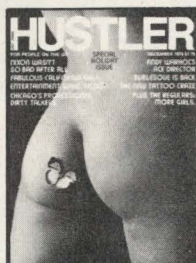
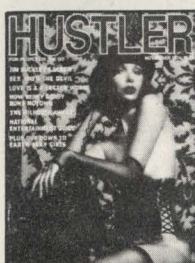
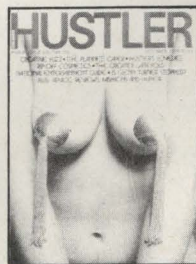
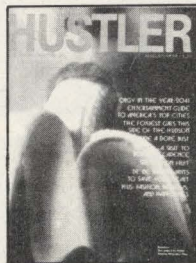
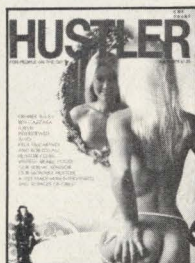
GOOD GOD! WE'RE
AT SEA! AND I'VE
GOT A FEMALE
STOWAWAY IN
MY CABIN!

AND I'M ALONE
WITH OVER 2,000
MEN! THIS MIGHT
BE SOME WILD
CRUISE!

WHAT'S THIS? OUR HONEY-
CRUISING?
WILL THE FLEET BE AFLOAT
NEXT MONTH...

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So you missed our first exciting issues at your local newsstands. Don't fret because now you can get any or all of the back issues. Just fill in the coupon and send with a check or money order.



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PREVIEW

JUNE PREVIEW

WEIRD HAROLD INTERVIEW—A candid discussion with the proprietor of the most notorious sex shop and massage parlour in Chicago. Arrested innumerable times and constantly hassled by Chicago's men in blue, Harold lays it on the line regarding his business and what he thinks of those who oppose him—by Ron Offen.

PAUL WILLIAMS PROFILE—As the "Mickey Rooney of the '70s" Paul's talents are as diversified as the comments and jokes made about his five-foot stature. Not only is he a successful lyricist ("We've Only Just Begun," "Rainy Days and Mondays," "Just an Old Fashioned Love Song"), but he's a singer-composer and has established himself as an actor in the recently released film, **PHANTOM OF THE PARADISE**—by Pat and Barb Salvo.

SEX BITS—HUSTLER's newest sexciting feature presents the latest sex tidbits from around the world. Findings on a new preventive vaccine for V.D., how to control the sex of your baby, the latest in lesbian matrimony and a substitute for drug use are just a few of the topics covered.

SEX PLAY—Part 3 of this stimulating series gives you the low down on cunnilingus, its pleasures, benefits and proper technique. Don't miss this **Gourmet Guide to Eating Pussy**—by Mike Roberts.

"FINAL EXAM"—A futuristic look into the era when robots will perform as completely as humans—by William Garvin.

KINKY KORNER—Jason Marcello provides this month's stimulating tale of the adventures of a well-hung dude and the tight places it gets him into.

And, of course, more fascinating quips in **BITS & PIECES**, the finest national massage parlours, restaurants, etc. in HUSTLER's **ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE**, the best porno flicks in the **HUSTLER PORN REVIEW** and another episode in the misadventures of **HONEY**.

PREVIEW

LIKE TO OWN YOUR OWN NIGHT CLUB?

HAVE YOU ALWAYS HAD A SECRET DESIRE TO OWN YOUR OWN NIGHT CLUB, BUT NEVER REALLY KNEW HOW TO APPROACH IT?

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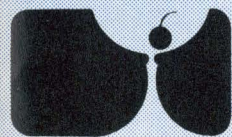
\$150,000 cash necessary. Financing is available to qualified applicants.

For further information, serious minded individuals apply to:
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last rough puff, once
you come up to
the smooth taste
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